

Sed Carmina major jmago - ouide



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A£ 63

Poems, &c.

Written upon several

OCCASIONS,

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PERSONS:

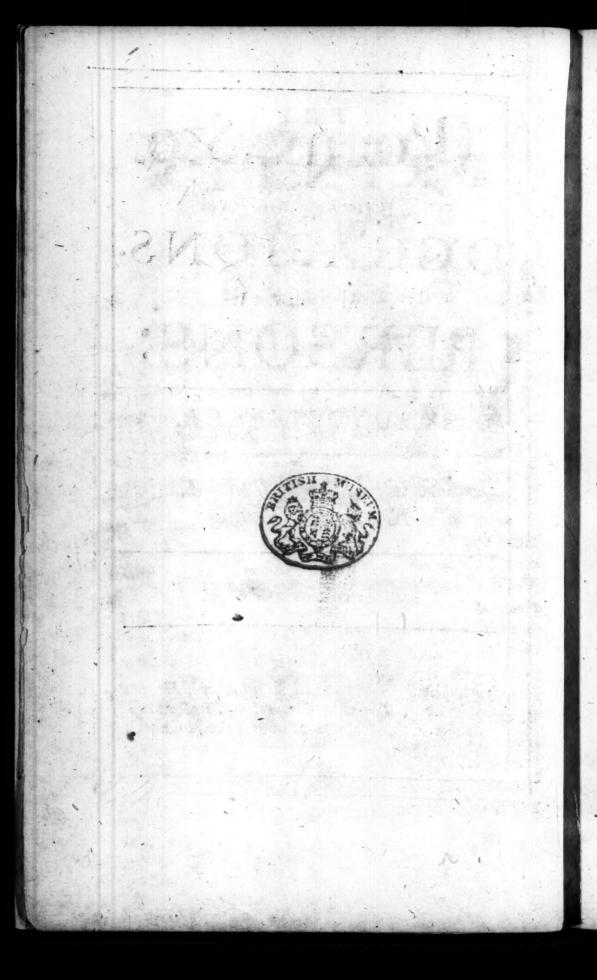
By EDMOND WALLER, Efq;

The Seventh Edition with several Additions, Never before Printed.

> Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam, Nulla venenato litera Mista joco est.

LONDON,

Printed by T. W. for the Assignes of H. H. and Sold by J. Tonson at Grays-Inn-Gate, and T. Bennet at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1705.



PRINTER

TO THE

READER.

Hen the Author of these Verses
(Written only to please himself,
and such particular Persons to
whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since,

He was troubled to find his name in Print, but somewhat satisfied to see his Lines so ill rendred that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer as one did to an ill Reciter-Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum. Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his Answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favour and escaped better. than good ones do in this Age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the Impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old Rags (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more Confin'd understanding, who pretend not to Censure) as they admire

The Printer

mire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (maim'd to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a Title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if that an old Author observes be true, That the aim of Orators, is Victory; of Historians, Truth; and of Poets, Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones, and clipt and washt Money goes about when the entire and weighty lies boarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replyed, that as it would be too late to resal that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Youth (to the season it was produc'd in:) And for what had been done since and now added, if it commend not his Poetry. it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the part of his fortune (torn from him in Prifon, in which, and in Banishment, the best Portion of his Life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman,

——Quem demisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni
En Lari, & fundi ——

Wlose

to the Reader.

Whose spreading Wings the Civil War had clipt, And him of his old Patrimony stript.

Who yet not long after could say,
Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

They that acquainted with the Muses be, Send Care and Sorrow by the Winds to Sea.

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Not so much moved with these Reasons of ours, (or pleas'd with our Rhimes) as wearied with our Importunity, He has at last given us leave to assure the Reader, That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them; as also to add some others which have since been composed by him. though his Advice to the contrary might have difcourag'd us; yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what Price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late, making good that of Horace, -Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit: Some Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our Taste by Time and Age, we have adventur'd upon this new and well corrected Edition, which, for our own sakes, as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

Postscript.

OT having the same Argument as at first to persuade the Author that I might print his Verses more correctly, which he found so ill done at his Return: I have now adventured, without giving him farther Trouble, by importuning him for a new Permission, to collect all I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or fuch as have been fince made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, because the first (tho' most of them were compos'd Fifty or Sixty Years fince) feem still New, which would be more strange in so changing a Language, had it not been by him improved, which may make one think it true that I have heard from some learn'd Criticks, that Virgil when he faid-Nova carmina pango, meant not Verses that were never feen before (for in that Sense all at first are new) but fuch as he thought might be ever New. May these still appear to be so for the Diversion of the Readers, and Interest of

Their Humble Servant.





TO THE KING On His NAVY.

Heree'er thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings,
The French and Spaniard, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to sear.
So Jove from Ida did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the Fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
The Mighty still upon the Smaller sed.
Thou on the Deep imposest Nobler Laws,
And by that Justice has remov'd the Cause

B

Of

Of those rude Tempests, which for Rapine sent, Too oft alas, involv'd the Innocent.

Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free From both those Fates, of Storms, and Piracy:

But we most Happy, who can fear no Force

But winged Troops, or Pegafean Horse:

'Tis not so hard for greedy Foes to spoil

Another Nation, as to touch our Soil.

Should Natures Self invade the World again,

And o'er the Center spread the liquid Main;

Thy Power were fafe, and her destructive Hand

Would but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command.

Thy dreadful Fleet would flyle Thee Lord of all,

And ride in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball.

Those Towers of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,

And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The World's Restorer never could endure, and That finish'd Babel should those Men secure, and

Whofe

Whose Pride design'd that Fabrick to have stood
Above the reach of any second Flood:
To Thee his Chosen more indulgent he
Dares trust such Power with so much Piety.

Of the Danger His Majesty (being Prince)

Escaped in the Road at St. Andrews.

And reacht the Sphere of his own Power, the Main;

With British Bounty in his Ship he Feasts,
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed Guests,
To find that watry Wilderness exceed
The Entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the Rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted Shoar,
With loud Resemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the Seed of Cloud-compelling Jove.

Have

While to his Harp Divine Arion fings The Loves and Conquests of our Albion Kings. Of the Fourth Edward was his Noble Song; Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young: He rent the Crown from vanquisht Henry's Head: Rais'd the white Rose, and trampled on the Red; Till Love triumphing o'er the Victor's Pride, Brought Mars and Warwick to the Conquer'd side, Neglected Warwick (whose bold Hand like Fate, Gives and refumes the Scepter of our State) Wooes for his Master, and with double Shame, Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame, The Lady Bona; whom just Anger burns; And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns, Ah spare your Sword, where Beauty is too blame; Love gave th' Affront, & must repair the same: (eyes When France shall boast of her, whose conquering Have made the best of English Hearts their Prize; sMAW. Have

Have Power to alter the Decrees of Fate, And change again the Counsels of our State. What the Prophetick Muse intends, alone To him that feels the fecret Wound is known. With the fweet found of this harmonious Lay About the Keel delighted Dolphins play; Too fure a fign of Seas enfuing Rage, Which must anon this Royal Troop engage: To whom foft Sleep feems more fecure and fweet, Within the Town commanded by our Fleet. These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge, Proud with the burden of fo brave a Charge: With painted Oars the Youths begin to fweep Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep Which foon becomes the feat of fudden War Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar. As when a fort of lufty Shepherds try Their Force at Foot-ball, care of Victory

Makes

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Makes them falute fo rudely Breast to Breast,
That their Encounter seem too rough for jest;
They ply their Feet, and still the restless Ball
Tost too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds:
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd;

Charles and his Virtue was their facred load:
Then with a greater pledgHeaven could not give,
That the good Boat this Tempest should out-live.
But Storms encrease, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's Face;
The rest resign their Courage, Skill and Sight,
To Danger, Horror, and unwelcome Night.

The gentle Vessel, wont with State and Pride
On the smooth back of Silver Thames to ride,
Wanders Astonish'd in the angry Main;
As Titans Car did, while the golden Rein

Fill'd

Fill'd the Young Hand of his advent'rous Son,
When the whole World an equal hazard run
To this of ours; the Light of whose Desire,
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by Fire.
The impatient Sea grows Impotent and raves,
That Night (assisting) his Impetuous Waves
Should find Resistance from so light a thing:
These Surges ruin, those our Safety bring.
Th' oppressed Vessel doth the Charge abide;
Only because assailed on every side;
So Men with Rage and Passion set on fire,
Trembling for hast, impeach their mad Desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with Fear;
But that their Wonder did divert their Care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the Pleasures of their Court before.
God-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight
Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright:

Next

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Next to the Power of making Tempests cease,

Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.

Great Mars could no greater Tempest feign; When the loud Winds usurping on the Main, For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy The hated Reliques of confounded Troy. His bold Eneas on like Billows tost, In a tall Ship, and all his Countrey loft, Diffolves with Fear; and both his Hands upheld, Proclaims them Happy whom the Greeks had In Honourable Fight: Our Hero fet (quell'd In a small Shallop; Fortune in his Debt, So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore; His Loins yet full of ungot Princes, all His Glory in the Bud; lets nothing fall That argues Fear: If any Thought annoys The Gallant Youth, 'tis Loves untafted Joys, The William & Stages And

She

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,

For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in France.

Where he had feen a brighter Nymph than she

That sprung out of his present Foe, the Sea.

That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,

The Conquer'd Ocean could not make expire;

Nor angry Thetis, raise her Waves above

Th' Heroick Princes Courage, or his Love;

'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,

The shrine should perish, where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid! the Noblest of thy Train
Should not survive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the GallickCourt;
All highly born, obsequious to her Sport;
They Roses seem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide;

She

She the glad Morning, which her Beams does throw Upon their smiling Leaves, and gilds them so: Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent Ray Foretels the Fervour of enfuing Day; And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat To leasie Shadows, from the threatned Heat. From Cupid's Strings, of many Shafts that fled, (fhed Wing'd with those Plumes which noble Fame had As through the wondring World she flew, and told Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold, Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid; But Love's first Summons seldom are obey'd: Light was the Wound; the Prince's Care unknown She might not, would not, yet reveal her own. His Glorious Name had so possest her Ears, That with Delight those antique Tales she hears Of Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies Old, As with his Story best resemblance hold.

And

And now she views, as on the Wall it hung,
What old Museus so Divinely sung:
Which Art with Life and Love did so inspire,
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to
And in Leander's danger pities him: (swim
Whose not new Love alone, but Fortune seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.

For from the Stern of some good Ship appears
A friendly Light, which moderates their Fears:
New Courage from reviving Hope they take,
And climbing o'er the Waves, that Taper make;
On which the Hope of all their Lives depends;
As his on that fair Hero's Hand extends.

The Ship at Anchor like a fixed Rock (knock; Break the proud Billows, which her large Sides Whose Rage restrained soaming higher swells, And from her Port the weary Barge repels

Threatning

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Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be mov'd for our Sister States:
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies.

Well fung the Roman Bard; all Humane things
Of dearest value hang on slender Strings.
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of Heaven our Joy, supported by a Line;
Which for that instant was Heaven's Care above,
The Chain that's fixed to the Throne of Jove;
On which the Fabrick of our World depends;
One Link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

of age activated forming higher firels,

oth Let The the Weary Mary repair

Of His Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke of Buckingham's Death.

O earnest with thy God, can no new Care, No fense of danger interrupt thy Prayer? The Sacred Wrestler till a Blessing given, Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n: Nor was the Stream of thy Devotions stop'd; When from the Body fuch a Limb was lop'd, As to thy present State was no less Maim; Tho' thy wife Choice has fince repair'd the fame. Bold Homer durst not so great Vertue seign In his best pattern of Patroclus slain; With fuch Amazement as weak Mothers use, And frantick Gesture, he receives the News: Yet fell his Darling by the impartial Chance Of War, impos'd by Royal Hector's Launce; Bri? Thine

Thine in full Peace, and by a vulgar Hand
Torn from thy Bosom, left his high Command.

The famous Painter could allow no place For private Sorrow in a Prince's Face: Yet, that his Piece might not exceed Belief, He cast a Veil upon supposed Grief. 'Twas want of fuch a President as this, Made the Old Heathen frame their Gods amis. Their Phæbus should not act a fonder part For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart; Nor blame for Hyacinthus Fate his own (known. That kept from him wish'd Death, hadst thou been He that with thine shall weigh good David's Deeds Shall find his Paffion, not his Love exceeds. Hecurst the Mountains where his brave Friend dy'd But let false Ziba with his Heir divide: Where thy Immortal Love to thy best Friends, Like that of Heaven, upon their Seed descends.

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Such huge Extremes inhabit thy great Mind:
God-like, unmov'd; and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our Charles's Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How some bright Dame comprest by mighty Jove!
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of Her Majesties Picture.

WEllfare the Hand, which to our humble Sight

Presents that Beauty, which the dazling

Light Mandalian value of the dazling

Of Royal Splendor hides from weaker Eyes;
And all Access (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This Beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the Wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image seeming to give leave,

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Propitious stands, vouching to be seen; And by our Muse saluted,

Poets find not brought

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Mighty Queen,

Your

In whom the extremes of Power and Beautymove? The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love. As the bright Sun (to which we owe no fight Of equal Glory to your Beauties light) Is wifely plac'd in fo fublime a Seat, T'extend his Light, and moderate his Heat: So happy 'tis you move in fuch a Sphere, As your high Majesty with awful Fear, In humane Breafts might qualify that Fire, Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher, Than when the fcorched World like hazard run, By the Approach of the ill guided Sun. In all aid No other Nymphs have Title to Men's Hearts. But as their Meaness larger Hope imparts: Your Beauty more the fondest Lover moves With Admiration, than his private Loves; With Admiration; for a pitch fo high (Save Sacred Charles his) never Love durft fly. Heaven that prefer'd a Scepter to your Hand, Favour'd our Freedom more than your Command: Beauty had Crown'd you, and you must have been The whole World's Miftress, other than a Queen. All had been Rivals, and you might have spar'd, Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a Guard. No Power atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth, Equals Love's Empire, both in Heaven and Earth. Such Eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown As bright and fierce a Lightning as his own: Witness our Jove, prevented by their Flame, In his swift Passage to th' Hesperian Dame; When, like a Lion, finding in his way To some intended Spoil, a fairer Prey;

11

The Royal Youth pursuing the report Of Beauty, found it in the Gallick Court. There publick Care with private Passion fought A doubtful Combat in his Noble Thought: Should he confess his Greatness, and his Love, And the free Faith of your great Brother prove, With his Achates breaking through the Cloud Of that Disguise which did their Graces shroud, And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball, Dance with the Ladies and outshine them all; Or on his Journey o'er the Mountains ride? So when the fair Leucothoe he espy'd, To check his Steeds, impatient Phabus earn'd, Though all the World was in his Course concern'd What may hereafter her Meridian do. Whose dawning Beauty warm'd his Bosom so? Not so divine a Flame, since deathless Gods Forbore to visit the defil'd Abodes

Of Men, in any mortal Breast did burn; Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

Upon His Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's.

That shipwract Vessel which th' Apostle bore Scarce suffer'd more upon Melitas Shore, Than did his Temple in the Sea of Time; (Our Nations Glory, and our Nations Crime) When the first Monarch of this happy Isle, Mov'd with the Ruin of so brave a Pile, This work of Cost and Piety begun, To be accomplished by his Glorious Son; Who all that came within the ample thought Of his wise Sire, has to Persection brought. He like Amphion makes those Quarries leap Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:

For

For in his Art of Regiment is found

A Power like that of Harmony in found. (Kings)

Those antique Minstrels sure were Charles-like Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings;

On which with so divine a hand they strook,

Consent of Motion from their Breath they took.

So all our Minds with his conspire to grace

The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface

Those State-obscuring Sheds, that like a Chain

Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;

Which the glad Saint shakes off at his Command,

As once the Viper from his Sacred Hand:

So joys the Aged Oak, when we divide

The creeping Ivy from his injur'd fide.

Ambition rather would affect the Fame
Of some new Structure, to have born her Name:

Two distant Virtues in one Act we find,

The Modesty and Greatness of his Mind;

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Which not content to be above the Rage And Injury of all-impairing Age, In its own Worth secure, doth higher climb, And things half swallow'd from the Jaws of Time Reduce; an earnest of his grand design To frame no New Church, but the Old refine: Which Spouse-like may with comely Grace com-More than by force of Argument or Hand. (mand For doubtful reason sew can apprehend; And War brings ruin where it should amend: But Beauty with a bloodless Conquest, finds A welcome Soveraignty in rudest Minds. Not ought which Sheba's wondring Queen beheld Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd His Ships and Building; Emblems of a Heart Large both in Magnanimity and Art. While the propitious Heavens this work attend, Long wanted Showers they forgot to fend;

As if they meant to make it understood, while of More importance than our vital Food.

The Sun which rifeth to falute the Quire,

Already finish'd, setting shall admire

How private Bounty could so far extend;

The King built all, but Charles the Western-end.

So proud a Fabrick to Devotion given,

At once it Threatens and obliges Heaven,

Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,

Neptune, with him that rules the facred Day,

Could no fuch Structure raise; Troy Wall'd so high,

Th' Artides might as well have forc'd the Sky.

Glad, through amazed, are our neighbour Kings.

To see such Power employed in Peaceful things.

They lift not urge it to the dreadful Field; 12 all

The task is easier to destroy, than build.

motto Sic gnatia Regum solitorio de shid W

Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

Down to the Monate was seen the pential Skies

The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.

Madam.

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Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;

I sala la shika a adeira alia o T

Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,

And Natures felf in those that could not lye.

Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,

And warms us, shining through the thickest Shades

Nor ought the Tribute, which the wondring Court

Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn

The answer and consent to that report,

Which Eccho-like the Country do's return:

Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs

Present th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauty's prize,

A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove;

Down

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love, To plead for that, which was so justly given To the bright Carlisle of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a Namewhich all our Woods are taught,
Loud as his Amarillis to resound;

Carlifle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.

From Phabus rage, our Shadows, and our Streams, May Guard us better than from Carlifle's Beams.

The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning.

(clear,

Heaven then would seem thy Image, and resect
Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade Of fad Adversity is fairer made; Nor less advantage doth thy Beauty get, A Venus rifing from a Sea of Jet. Such was th' appearance of new formed Light, While yet it struggled with Eternal Night. Then Mourn no more; lest thou admit encrease Of Glory, by thy noble Lord's Deceafe. We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame Mourn'd for Anchifes; 'twas enough she came To grace the Mortal with her deathless Bed, And that his living Eyes fuch Beauty fed: Had she been there, untimely joy through all Mens Hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the Funeral. Those Eyes were made to banish Grief: as well-Bright Phebus might effect in Shades to dwell, As they to put on Sorrow; nothing stands But power to grieve, except from thy Commands.

If thou lament, thou must do so alone; Grief in thy Presence, can lay hold on none. Yet still perfift the Memory to love Of that great Mercury of our mighty Fove. Who by the power of his enchanting Tongue, Swords from the Hands of Threatning Monarchs War he prevented, or foon made it cease, (wrung. Instructing Princes in the Arts of Peace: 000 Such as made Sheba's curious Queen refort To the large-hearted Hebrews Famous Court, Had Homer fate amongst his wondring Guests, I He might have learned at those stupendious Feasts, With great Bounty, and more facred State H The Banquets of the Gods to Celebrate. But O! what Elocution might he use, What potent Charms that could fo foon infuse His absent Master's love into the Heart Of Henrietta, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like Camillo o're the Waves to run
Into his Arms; while the Parisian Dames
Mourn for their Ravish't glory: at their Flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed Stars.
When the bold Charmer of Thessalian Wars
With Heaven it self, and numbers does repeat
Which call descending Cynthia from her Seat.

In Answer to one who Writ against a fair Lady.

Of prouded Pecasani won the doubtful the same

With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Thy Mistris's Envy, or thine own Despair? (Love, Not the just Pallas in thy Breast did move So blind a Rage, with such a different Fate; HeHonour won, where thou hast purchast Hate.

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She gave affistance to his Trojan Foe; Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love, Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe, and aid one While after her the Gazing World does move. Canst thou not be content to Love alone. Or is thy Mistress not content with one? Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's Shield, Which but disclos'd, amazed the weaker Eyes? Of proudest Foes, and won the doubtful Field? So shall thy Rebel Wit become her Prize. Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book, All were confuted with one Radiant look. Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the Skies, Rewarding Phabus, for inspiring so His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes His joyful Beams: But Phabus is thy Foe, And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight; So ill thou Rhim'st against so fair a Light.

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Stood

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture.

Scood at Calander, the brave Triends but peril

Uch was Philoclea, fuch Mucidorus Flame; The matchless Sidney that immortal Frame Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars Plac't, Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't With fuch extreams of Excellence compose, Wonders so distant in one Face disclose: Such cheerful Modesty, such humble State, Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate, As when beyond our Greedy reach we fee, Inviting Fruit on too sublime a Tree. All the rich Flowers through his Arcadia found, Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound. Had but this Copy, which the Artist took From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

bood

Stood at Calanders; the brave Friends had jarr'd And Rivals made, th' enfuing story marr'd.

Just Nature first instructed by his Thought,
In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.

This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

slounce To Vandike.

Or norted Resurventino Villars Place

Nor nivhigh Fancy comid and pattern grac't

Rare Artisan! whose Pensil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we,
Slaves return, that enter'd Free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so!
But consounded with thy Art,
Inquires her Name that has his Heart.

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Another who did long refrain, fibling worker W Feels his Old wound Bleed fresh again, With dear remembrance of that Face, Where now he Reads new hope of Grace: Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find: But gladly fuffers a false Wind to blue work of To blow the Ashes of Despair when the manufactured back From the reviving Brand of Care: dods drive all Fool that forgets her stubborn Look, This foftness from thy Finger took. Strange that thy Hand should not inspire The Beauty only, but the Fire: Not the Form alone, and Grace, But Act and Power of a Face. May'st thou yet thy felf as well, As all the World besides excel; So you th' unfeigned Truth rehearse;

That I may make it Live in Verse

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Why thou could'st not at one assay; That Face to after-times convey, while and assistant Which this admires; was it thy Wit To make her oft before thee fit: Confess, and we'll Forgive thee this: For who would not repeat that blifs, And frequent fight of fuch a Dame, By with the hazard of his Fame? Yet who can tax thy blameless skill, Though thy good Hand had failed still? When Natures felf so often Errs: She for this many thousand Years Seems to have practis'd with much care, To frame the Race of Woman Fair; Yet never could a perfect Birth Produce before to grace the Earth; Which waxed Old, e'er it could fee Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee! But now 'tis done, O let me know

Where those immortal Colours grow,

That could this deathless Piece compose

In Lillies, or the Fading Rose?

No, for this Thest thou hast climb'd higher

Than did Prometheus for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can Sleep when she pleases.

Let her had Spirit, whole unconquest to face of

To bath himself in Sacharissa's Eyes;
As fair Astrea once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Plaints offended and our Tears,
Wise Somnus to that Paradice repairs,

Tocourtthe Nymph, for whom those wretches wake

Waits on her Will and Wretches do's forfake

More

More Proud then Phabus of his Throne of Gold Is the foft God, those softer Limbs to hold;

Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the Skies In darkning Clouds, the power to close her Eyes:

Eyes which so far all other Lights control,

They warm our Mortal Parts, but these our Soul.

Let her free Spirit, whose unconquer'd Breast

Holds such deep Quiet, and untroubled Rest,

Know, that though Venus and her Son should spare

Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care;

Yet Hymen may inforce her Vigils keep,

And for anothers Joy suspend her Sleep.

Of the mistreport of her being Painted.

A S when a fort of Wolves infect the Night Withtheir wildhowlings at fair Cynthia's light;

The

The noise may chase sweet Slumber from our Eyes But never reach the Mistress of the Skies: So with the News of Sachariffa's Wrongs, Her vexed Servants blame those envious Tongues: Call Love to witness, that no painted Fire Can fcorch Men fo, or kindle fuch Defire: A While unconcerned She feems mov'd no more With this new Malice, than our Loves before; But from the height of her great Mind looks down On both our Passions, without Smile or Frown: So little care of what is done below Hath the bright Dame, whom Heaven affected fo Paints her'tis true, with the same Hand web spreads Like Glorious Colours thro' the Flowry Meads. U

When lavish Nature with her best Attire

Cloaths the gay Spring, the Season of desire;

Paints her 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn

With the same Art where with she Paints the Morn

With

With the same Art, wherewith she gildeth so ... Thosepainted Clouds which form Thaumantias bow.

Of her passing through a crowd of People. S in old Chaos Heaven with Earth confus'd, And Stars with Rocks, together crush'd and The Sun his light no further could extend (bruis'd: Than the next Hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd; So in this throng bright Sachariffa far'd, Oppress'd by those who strove to be her Guard: As Ships though never to obsequious, fall Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral. A greater Favour this diforder brought Unto her Servants, than their awful thought Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest The yielding Marble of her Snowy Breaft. While love infults, difguifed in the Cloud, and And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So

So th' amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
But when the Wind her ravish't Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
Though loath he seems her tender Leaves to press,
More loath he is that Friendly Storm should cease,
From whose rude Bounty, he the double use
At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

Thirsis a Youth of the inspired Train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus Sung the no less amorous Boy;
Like Daphne she as Lovely and as Coy:
With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
With Numbers such as Phæbus self might use.
Such is the Chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads;

Or form some Image of his Cruel fair:

Urg'd with his Fury like a wounded Deer,

O'er these he sled, and now approaching near,

Had reach't the Nymph with his Harmonious Lay,

Whom all his Charms could not incline to stay;

Yet what he Sung in his immortal Strain,

Though unsuccessful, was not Sung in Vain:

All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong

Attend his Passion, and approve his Song.

Like Phabus thus, acquiring unsought Praise,

He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Fabula Phabi & Daphnes.

A Readia juvenis Thirfis, Phebique Sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sacharissa ardebat amore:
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:

Carmi-

Carminibus Phabo dignus premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua; formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat:
Audist illa procul miserum, citheramque sonantem,
Audist, at nullis respexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quasitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapsa reperet Daphni sua laurea Phabus.

of Mrs. Arden. ... Isa Herr I

Behold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing Air,
And with her own Breath fans the Fire
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that Love control,
Which more than one way Courts the Soul?

40 POEMS

So when a flash of Lightning falls

On our Abodes, the danger calls

For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame

To Conquer, though from Heaven it came:

But if the Winds with that conspire;

Men strive not, but deplore the Pire.

To Amoret.

Verrence observe continues, devices

Sienen nuertes camabates hardibes of im

Air, that you may truly know
What you unto Thirs owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa Love, and you.

Joy falutes me, when I fet

My bleft Eyes on Amoret:

But with wonder I am strook,

When I on the other look

upon several Occasions.

41

If sweet Amoret complains, who I sould be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I have sense of all her Pains; who I would be I

All that of my felf is mine, the standard of the Lovely Amoret, is thine; Sachariffa's Captive fain Chain; Would untie his Iron Chain; Would on your set

And those scorching Beams to shun,

To thy gentle Shadow run.

If the Soul had free Election

To dispose of her Affection,

I would not thus long have born

Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:

But 'tis sure some Power above,

Which controls our Wills in Love,

f

If not Love, a strong desire and speak speak speak speak speak that Fire and speak s

Tis Amazement more than Love, which her radiant Eyes do move;

If less Splendor wait on thine, which have they so benignly shine, which have the standard below.

I would turn my dazled Sight resident had To behold their milder Light. It almost which But as hard 'tis to destroy

That High Flame as to enjoy:
Which, how easily I may do
Heaven (as easily scal'd) does know.

Amoret, as sweet and good
As the most delicious Food,

Which

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Which but tafted, does impartant o alimi medil Life and gladness to the Heart; and a reprovi Sachariffa's Beauty's Wine, Which to Madness doth incline; Such a Liquor as no Brain supitate emolew O That is Mortal, can fustain. Scarce can I to Heaven excuse The Devotion which I use Unto that adored Dame; For 'tis not unlike the same, Which I thither ought to fend: So that if it could take end; Twould to Heaven it felf be due To fucceed her, and not you, we lo squado selve Who already have of me with a hard of All that's not Idolatry; ow to note a rious blue Which, though not fo fierce a Flame, Is longer like to be the fame.

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Then

enoi PO E M Snooth

Then smile on me, and I will prove, and soil Wonder is shorter Liv'd than Love balg bus off)

On the Head of a Stag,

SHEAN & ATTROUBLE & ANTHON

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E

CO we some antique Hero's strength Learn by his Launces weight and length; As these vast Beams express the Beast, Whose shady Brows alive they drest: Such Game, while yet the World was new, The mighty Nimrod did pursue sillou jon air soll What Huntsman of our feeble Race, side I doid! Or Dogs, dare such a Monster Chase? Resembling with each blow he strikes blow T The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes account o'T O fertile Head, which every Year ybasils only Could fuch a crop of wonder bear! The teeming Earth did never bring So foon, fo hard, fo huge a Thing; Which

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Should

Which might it never have been cast,

Each Years growth added to the last,

These losty Branches had supply'd

The Earths bold Son's prodigious Pride;

Heaven with these Engines had been scal'd,

When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in the Garden.

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SEes not my Love, how time refumes
The Glory which he lent these Flow'rs?
Though none should tast of their Persumes,
Yet must they live but some sew hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.
Had Hellen or th' Egyptian Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their Graces;
Those Beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds our Faces and In the most retired places.

Should some malignant Planet bring A barren drought, or ceaseless Show'r Upon the Autumn, or the Spring, And spare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r; Winter would not stay an Hour. Could the refolve of Love's neglect Preserve you from the Violation ... Of coming Years, then more respect Were due to fo divine a Fashion; Nor would I indulge my Paffion.

The Miser's Speech in a Masque.

Alls of this Metal flack'd Atlanta's Pace, And on the amorous Youth bestow'd the race: Venus, the Nymphs Mind measuring by her own, Whom the Rich Spoils of Cities overthrown Had proftrated to Mars, could well advise Th' Adventurous Lover how to gain the Prize

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Nor less may Jupiter to Gold ascribe; it no For when he turn'd himself into a Bribe. Who can blame Danae, or the brazen Tow'r, That they withstood not that Almighty Show'r? Never till then, did Love make Jove pur on A Form more Bright, and Nobler than his own: Nor were it Just, would he resume that Shape, That flack Devotion should his Thunder scape, 'Twas not Revenge for griev'd Apollo's Wrong, Those Asses Ears on Mida's Temples hung: But fond Repentance of his happy Wish, Because his Meat grew Metal like his Dish. Would Bacchus bless me so; I'd constant hold Unto my Wish, and dye Creating Gold. Where he finds a Foreign G

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or

Weither of your Hearts at home.

Roberts thus with like delign.

When they never mean to pay

POEMS

On the Friendship betwixt two Ladies:

Why so kind, and so severe?

Why so careless of our Care,

By this cunning change of Hearts,

You the power of Love control;

While the Boys deluded Darts,

Can arrive at neither Soul.

Only to your felves fo dear

For in vain to either Breast

For in vain to either Breast

Still beguiled Love does come;

Where he finds a Foreign Guest,

Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debters thus with like design,

When they never mean to pay;

That

A Form more bright.

That they may the Law decline,
To some Friend make all away.
Not the silver Doves that slie,
Yoakt in Citharea's Car;
Not the Wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far,

And fo Lovely, Sweet, and Fair;

Or do more ennoble Love,

Are fo choicely matcht a pair,

Or with more confent do move.

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at

Of ber Chamber: On Manager

Subdeed affice, all but one Pathon lawe

The Thracian could (the Allrisofe Tales were true

Hey tast of Death that do at Heaven arrive;
But we this Paradice approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these Walls alike:

The

The high in Titles, and the Shepheard here, Forgets his Greatness, and forgets his Fear: All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair, Lose thought of what themselves, or others are Ambition lofe, and have no other scope, Save Carlifle's Favour to implore their Hope. The Thracian could (tho' all those Tales were true The bold Greeks tell) no greater Wonders do; Before his Feet, fo Sheep and Lions lay Fearless and Wrathless, while they heard him play. The Gay, the Wife, the Gallant, and the Grave, Subdu'd alike, all but one Passion have: No worthy Mind, but finds in hers there is Something proportion'd to the Rule of his. Whilst she with cheerful, but impartial Grace, (Born for no one, but to delight the Race Of Men) like Phabus, so divides her light, And warms us, the the stoops not from her heights Of Loving at first Sight.

Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my felf, how far behind,
Already I behold the Shore!

May not a Thousand Dangers Sleep
In the smooth Bosom of this Deep?
No: 'Tis so Rockless and so Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things, not Torn
From Shiprack'd Vessels, but there Born:

Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,
Which Time and Use are wont to teach,
The Eye may in a Moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face.

Some

Some other Nymphs with Colours faint,
And Penfil flow may Cupid Paint,
And a weak Heart in time deftroy;
She has a flamp and Prints the Boy,
Can with a fingle look inflame
The coldeft Breast, the rudest Tame.

The Self Banished.

Than when before your Feet I lay:

But to prevent the fad encrease

Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the New Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those Shafts to shun,
Which Phæbus through his Veins has Shot;

Tell herehar's Young.

Too late he would the pain affwage,

And to thick Shadows does retire;

About with him he bears the Rage,

And in his tainted Bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must

Your banisht Servant trouble you:

For if I break, you may mistrust

The Vow I made to Love you too.

SONG.

Go lovely Rose, and tank and me, and Tell her that wastes her time and me,

How

E 3 ; coalt di best That

Which Places through his Veinslas Shot;

That now she knows, When I refemble her to thee, How fweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's Young, And shuns to have her Graces spy'd, That hadft thou fprung In Defarts, where no Men abide, Thou must have uncommended Dyed.

Small is the worth Of Beauty from the Light retir'd; Bid her come forth, my van uov , day de lei noll Suffer her felf to be desir'd, And not blush so to be Admir'd.

Then Die, that she, Stor y Svol O The common fate of all things rare, May read in thee:

How fmall a part of time they share, That are so wondrous, Sweet and Fair.

Thirsis, Galatea.

Slately I on Silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the Bank I spy'd:
Such was her look as Sorrow taught to shine;
And thus she grac'd me with a Voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your founding Strings for Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell; (well Once change your Note, and let your Lute report The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Th. Fair Nyuph, I have in your Delights no Nor ought to be concerned in your care: (share, Yet would I sing, if I your Sorrows knew, And to my Aid invoke no Muse but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your Song augmentour Which is fo great, as not to wish relief: (grief, he that had all which Nature gives or Chance, Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance, To all the Joys this Island could afford, The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord: Who with the Royal mixt her noble Blood, And in high Grace with Gloriana stood; Her Bounty, Sweetness, Beauty, Goodness, such, That none e'er thought her Happiness too much: So well inclin'd her favours to confer, And kind to all, as Heaven had been to here soon The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife, So well she acted in this span of Life, That though few years (too few alas!) she told, She seem'd in all things, but in Beauty, Old, As unripe Fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave The The smiling Pendant which adorns her so,
And until Autumn, on the Bough should grow:
So seem'd her youthful Soul not easily forc't,
Or from so Fair, so Sweet, a Seat divorc't.
Her Fate at once did hasty seem and slow,
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Whom now we envy, we anon must Mourn:
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize
Is soon removed from our wondring Eyes.
But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'le strive to piece the Line.
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame
And to the Muses I'le commend her Name,
Make the wide Country Eccho to your Moan,
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan:
What Rocks not mov'd when the Death is sung
Of one so Good, so Lovely, and so Young?

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on I

Gal.'Twas Hamilton, whom I had nam'd before, But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battle of the Summer-Islands.

Cant. I.

What Fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles Upon those late discovered Isles.

And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know,
That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange Trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair?

Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a Pound,
On the Rich Shore, of Amber-Greece is found:

The

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The lofty Cedar, which to Heaven aspires, The Prince of Trees, is Fewel for their Fires: The fmoak by which their loaded Spits do turn, For Incense might, on Sacred Altars burn: Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber Born, Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn, The fweet Palmettas a new Bacchus yield, With Leaves as ample as the broadest Shield: Under the shadow of whose Friendly Boughs They fit Carowing, where their Liquor grows, Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow, Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show, With the rare Fruit inviting them to spoil Carthage the Mistress of so Rich a Soil. The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there, But at some constant Seasons every Year, Their barron Tops with luscious Food abound, And with the Eggs of various Fowls are Crown'd; Tobacco

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Tobacco T

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they To English Land-lords as their Tribute pay: Such is the Mould, that the Blest Tenant Feeds On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds: With candid Plantines, and the juicy Pine, On choicest Melons and fweet Grapes they dine And with Potatoes Fat their wanton Swine. Nature these Cates with such a lavish Hand Pours out among them, that our courser Land Tastes of that Bounty, and does Cloth return, Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn: For the kind Spring which but falutes us here, Inhabits there, and Courts them all the Year: Ripe Fruits and Blossoms on the same Trees live; At once they promise, what at once they give: So fweet the Air, so moderate the Clime; None fickly Lives, or Dyes before his time.

Heaven Bags of vertious Fowls and Heaven

C

U

Heaven fure has kept this spot of Earth uncurst, To shew how all things were Created first. The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd, Referve their Fruit for the next Ages Tafte: There a small Grain in some few Months will be A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree: The Palma Christi, and the fair Papah, Now but a Seed (preventing Natures Law) In half the Circle of the hafty Year Project a Shade, and Lovely Fruit do wear: And as their Trees in our dull Region fet But faintly grow, and no perfection get; So in this Northern Tract our Hoarfer Throats Utter unripe and ill constrained Notes: Where the Supporter of the Poets Style, Phabus, on them Eternally does smile. O, how I long! my careless Limbs to lay Under the Plantanes Shade, and all the Day

3;

en

With

With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein!
No Passion there in my free Breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of Passions, Love:
There while I Sing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my Lute, and Winds the Strings so high
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's Name,
I'll make the listning Savages grow Tame.
But while I do these pleasing Dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd Fight.

Canto II.

Of their Alarm, and how their Foes Discovered were, this Canto shows:

Hough Rocks so high about this Island rise,
That well they may th'num'rous Turk despise
Yet is no humane sate exempt from sear, (hear
Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the Isle they

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A Lambe

upon several Occasions. 63

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud As thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud. Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know From what blind cause th' unwonted found may At length Two Monsters of unequal fize, (grow: Hard by the Shoar a Fisher-man espies; Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost And left them Prisoners on the Rocky Coast; One as a Mountain vast, and with her came A Cub not much inferior to his Dame: Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd, They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls, and rag'd: The Man knew what they were, who heretofore Had seen the like lie Murthered on the Shore, By the wild Fury of some Tempest cast The fate of Ships and Shipwrackt Men to tafte, As careless Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray To frantick Dreams their Infants overlay:

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So there fometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own Brood exposes; when the Whales
Against sharp Rocks like reeling Vessels quash'd,
Though huge as Mountains, are in Pieces dash'd;
Along the Shoar their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'ds
Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken, torn and
(shatter'd.

Hearts fure of Brass they had, who tempted first,
RudeSeasthatsparenot what themselves havenurst.
The welcomNews through all the Nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publick Terror, they
Behold with glad Eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the untaken spoil,
And as the purchase of their suture Toil,
These share the Bones, and they divide the Oyl;
So was the Huntsman by the Bear opprest,
Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast.

They

They Man their Boats, and all their young Men With whatsoever may the Monsters harm; (Arm Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that Wound fo far, The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War: Now was the time for vig'rous Lads to shew What Love or Honour could invite them too; A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round With reverend Age, and lovely Lasses Crown'd. Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair Within the bounds of noble Warwicks share: Warwicks bold Earl, than which no Title bears A greater found among our British Peers; And worthy he the Memory to renew, The Fate and Honour to that Title due; Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his Name, And thro'the new World spread his growing Fame, But how they fought, and what their valour Shall in another Canto be contain'd. (gain'd, Canto public Inci

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Canto III.

The bloody Fight, successless Toyl; And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle.

HE Boat which on the first Affault did go, Struck with a harping Ir'n the younger Foe; Who when he felt his fide fo rudely Goar'd, Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he Roar'd. As a broad Bream to please some curious Tast, While yet alive in boyling Water cast, Vex't with unwonted heat, Boyls, flings about The scorching Brass, and hurls the Liquor out: So with the barbed Javeling stung, he Raves, And scourges with his Tayl the suffering Waves? Like Spencer's Talus with his Iron Flayl; He threatens Ruin with his pond'rous Tayl; Disfolving Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce Encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like Men unhorst.

The bigger Whale like fome huge Carrack lay
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her Foes to play,
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wou'd
Advance her Tayl, her Head salutes the Mud;
The shallow Water doth her Force infringe,
And renders vain her Tayls impetuous swinge:
The shining Steel her tender Sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their Weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumbred Mother and her Foes:
With desperate courage he receives her Wounds,
And Men and Boats his active Tayl confounds.
Their Forces joyned, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempest, though the Winds be still.

Now

Now

Now would the Men with half their hoped prey Be well content, and wish this Cub away: Their wish they have; he to direct his Dam Unto the gap through which they hither came, Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake, A Pris'ner there, but for his Mothers fake. She by the Rocks compell'd to ftay behind, Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd. They shout for Joy, and now on her alone Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown, Their Lances spent; One bolder than the rest With his broadSword provok'd the fluggish Beast: Her Oily Side devours both Blade and Heft, And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left. Courage the rest from his Example take, And now they change the Colour of the Lake: Blood flows in Rivers from her Wounded fide, As if they would prevent the tardy Tide,

And raise the Flood to that propitious height, As might convey her from this fatal streight. She fwims in Blood, and Blood do's fpouting throw To Heaven, that Heaven Mens Cruelties might Their fixed Javelins in her fide she wears, (know; And on her Back a Grove of Pikes appears: You would have thought, had you the Monster Thus dreft, she had another Island been. Roaring she tears the Air with such a noise, (As well refembling the conspiring Voice Of routed Armies, when the Field is won) To reach the Ears of her escaped Son. He (though a League removed from the Foe) Hasts to her Aid; the Pious Trojan so Neglecting for Creufas Life his own, Repeats the danger of the Burning Town. The Men amaz'd blush to see the Seed Of Monsters, humane Piety exceed:

Mo.

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians Sung. ThatLoves bright Mother from the Ocean fprung. Their Courage droops, and hopeless now they wish For composition with th' unconquer'd Fish: So she their Weapons would restore again, Thro' Rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main. But how instructed in each others Mind, Or what Commerce can Men with Monsters find? Not daring to approach their Wounded Foe, Whom her Couragious Son protected fo; They charge their Musquets, and with hot desire. Of full revenge, renew the Fight with Fire: Standing aloof, with Lead they bruife the Scales And tare the Flesh of the incensed Whales. But no Success their fierce endeavours found, Nor this way could they give one fatal Wound. Now to their Fort they are about to fend For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

But what those Pieces fram'd to batter Walls
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A Tyde so high, that it relieves his Friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
MuchBlood the Monster lost, and they their Arms.

SONG.

PEace, babling Muse,
I dare not Sing what you indite;
Her Eyes resulte
To read the Passion which they Write;
She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,
Threatens to hard it on the Ground;
And I no less her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that seigns him Dead,
While some sierce Lion does embrace
His breathless Corps, and licks his Face;
F 4

Wrapt up in filent fear he lies,

Torn all in Pieces if he Cries.

Of Love.

Nger in halfy Words or Blows, It felf discharges on our Foes, And Sorrow too finds fome relief, In Tears which wait upon our Grief: So every Passion, but fond Love, Unto its own redress does move; But that alone the Wretch inclines To what prevents his own Defigns; or a boot of Makes him Lament, and Sigh, and Weep, Disordred, Tremble, Fawn and Creep; Postures which render him despis'd, Where he endeavours to be priz'd. For Woman, born to be controul'd, Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

Affect the Haughty and the Proud,
The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.
Who first the gen'rous Steed oppress,
Not kneeling did falute the Beast;
But with high Courage, Life and Force
Approaching tam'd th' unruly Horse.
Unwisely we the wiser-East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With Tyrants Force, whose Law is Will,
By which they Govern, Spoil and Kill:
Each Nymph but moderately Fair,
Commands with no less Rigor here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among

Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Lasses Bright and Young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his present Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent Fear.

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whil'st her high Pride does scarce descend
To mark their Follies, he would Swear
That these her Guard of Eunuchs were:
And that a more Majestick Queen,
Or humbler Slaves he had not seen.

All this with Indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the Yoke
Of mighty Love; that conquering look,
When next beheld, like Lightning strook
My blasted Soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink

Of some smooth Stream about to drink,

Surveying there, his armed Head,

With shame remembers that he fled

The scorned Dogs, resolves to try

The Combat next; but if their try

Invades

Invades again his trembling Ear,

He straight resumes his wonted care;

Leaves the untasted spring behind,

And Wing'd with Fear out-slies the Wind.

To Phillis.

Pleasures shorter than the Day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their Span;
Beauty, like a Shadow, slies,
And our Youth before us Dies;
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love hath Wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter Wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heaven does climb;
Gods that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate.

All the Love betwixt us two:

Let not you and I require,

What has been our past desire;

On what Shepherds you have smil'd,

Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;

Leave it to the Planets too,

What we shall hereaster do;

For the Joys we now may prove,

Take advice of present Love.

To Phillis. A dual wo bal

Phillis, 'twas Love that you injur'd you,
And on that Rock your Thirsis threw,
Who for Proud Calia could have Dy'd,
Whilst you no less accus'd his Pride.
Fond Love his Darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he Sows:

From Foes discharg'd as often meet

The shining points of Arrows Fleet,

In the wide Air creating Fire,

As Souls that joyn in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus Burn
In vain, and for the Cold Youth Mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish Beasts,
Preser'd to Sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many Hearts the Prize,

Of the bright Carlisles conquering Eyes,

Which she regards no more than they,

The Tears of lesser Beauties weigh:

So have I seen the lost Clouds pour,

Into the Sea a useless Shower,

And the vext Sailors Curse the Rain,

For which poor Shepherds pray'd in Vain.

Then Phillis since our Passions are

Govern'd by Chance and not by Care

Peace

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian Flight
Of Love, still Flying, or in Chase,
Never encount'ring Face to Face;
No more to Love we'll Sacrifice,
But to the best of Deities:
And let our Hearts which Love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

Hile I listen to thy Voice, (Chloris) I feel my Life decay,

That powerful noise

Calls my flitting Soul away.

Oh! suppress that Magick sound,

Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace

Peace Chloris, Peace, or finging Die;

That together you and I,

To Heaven may go:

For all we know,

Of what the bleffed do above,

Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

SONG.

S Tay Phæbus, stay,

The World to which you Fly so fast,

Conveying Day

From us to them, can pay your haft,

With no such object, nor salute your Rife

With no fuch Wonder, as de Mornay's Eyes.

Well do's this prove,

The Error of those antique Books,

ce

Which made you move,

About the World; her charming looks

Would

POEMS

Would fix your Beams, and make it ever day, Did not the rowling Earth fnatch her away.

To Amoret:

Tay Distance May

Moret, the Milky way,

Fram'd of many nameless Stars,

The smooth Stream where none can say,

He this drop to that prefers:

Amoret, my lovely Foe,

Tell me where thy strength does lie;

Where the power that Charms us so,

In thy Soul, or in thy Eye?

Wall no such Wendow as as Monney's Ryes.

By that fnowy Neck alone,
Or thy grace in Motion feen,
No fuch wonders could be done:
Yet thy waste is Streight and Clean,

bluoW

As Cupids shaft, or Hermes Rod, And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

Brave Holland leads, & with him Falkland goes:
Who hears this told, and does not straight
We send the Graces and the Muses forth, (suppose
To Civilize, and to instruct the North?
Not that these Ornaments make Swords less sharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm Peace the Sacred Virgins Sing,
He courage had to Guard th' invaded Throne
Of Jove, and cast th' ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all That know thy Worth, and know how Prodigal Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twift Bays with that Ivy, which so early kist

Thy Youthful Temples, with what Horror we Think on the Blind events of War and thee?

To Fate exposing that all-knowing Breast,

Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:

Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)

Confounded lie to the same Ashes turn'd.

Some happy Wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempest yet which Frights our Island so;
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our Heads is thrown.

In a late Dream the Genius of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew stand,
When first she felt the Twins began to Jar,
And found her Womb the Seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whose Relief, and with presage
Of better Fortune for the present Age,
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,
To Warra, perhaps, but not to wast, our Bloud,

To raise our drooping Spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proudneighbours, who ere long shallmourn,
(Though now they Joy in our expected Harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,

His rebel Tail scourging his Nobler part,

Calls up his Courage, then begins to Roar,

And charge his Foes, who thought him Mad before.

For Drinking of Healths.

E T Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as Drought and Nature urges, Drink:
A more indulgent Mistriss guides our Sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our Appetites;
She would our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards excess:
Deserted Ariadne thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd Thesess cruelty deride;

G 2

Bacchin

Barchus imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the Man, her Passion, and his Fault.
Bacchus and Phæbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by others timely Heat supply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening Fires.
Is paid in Numbers which their Juice inspires.
Wine fills the Veins, and Healths are understood,
To give our Friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his Courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do-

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.

Such moving founds, from such a careless touch,
So unconcern'd her self, and we so much!
What Art is this, that with so little Pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our Spirits Reigns:
The trembling strings about her Fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for every Kiss aloud:

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble fo;
Touch't by that Hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she Charms the
Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer; (Ear,
Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant Celebrates the Prize,
And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in Hand survey'd
His Flaming Rome, and as it Burnt he Play'd.

To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

CHloris your felf you so excel
When you vouchsafe to breath my Thought,
That like a Spirit with this Spell
Of my own Teaching I am caught.

G 3

some!a

That

That Eagles Fate, and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him Die,
Espy'd a Feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to foar so high.

Had Eccho with so sweet a Grace,

Narcissus's loud complaints return'd,

Not for Reslection of his Face,

But of his Voice the Boy had Burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

But Nature did this Match contrive;

Eve might as well have Adam Fled,

As she deny'd her little Bed

To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to Frame,

And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all Care;
Over whose Heads those Arrows Fly
Of sad Distrust and Jealousie;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the World held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show
Like moving Mountains topt with Snow;
And every Man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem;
None may presume her Faith to prove,
He profers Death that profers Love.

Ah (Chloris) that kind Nature thus
From all the World had fever'd us,
Creating for our felves us two,
As Love has me for only you,

ESAIO WITH

G 4

Lowes

Love's Farewel.

Reading the Path the Nobler Ends, A long farewel to Love I gave; Refolv'd my Country and my Friends All that remain'd of me should have; And this Resolve no Mortal Dame, None but those Eyes could have o'erthrown The Nymph, I dare not, need not name, So high, fo like her felf alone. Thus the tall Oak which now aspires Above the Fear of private Fires, Grown and defign'd for Nobler use, Not to make warm but Build the House, Though from our meaner Flames secure, Must that which falls from Heaven indure,

From a Child.

Madam,

S in fome Climes the warmer Sun Makes it fullSummer e'er theSpring's begun, And with ripe Fruit the bending Boughs can load Before our Violets dare look abroad: So measure not by any common use, The early Love your brighter Eyes produce. When lately your fair Hand in Womans Weed, Wrap't my glad Head, I wish't me so indeed, That hafty Time might never make me grow Out of those Favours you afford me now; That I might ever fuch indulgence find, And you not Blush, or think your felf too kind, Who now I fear while I these joys express, Begin to thing how you may make them less; The The found of Love makes your foft Heart afraid,
And Guard it felf, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white Breast throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new fal'n Snow.

On a Girdle.

Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extreamest Sphear,
The Pale which held that Lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow Compass and yet there

Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair:

Give

upon several Occasions. 91

Give me but what this Riban bound, Take all the rest the Sun goes Round.

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but Sleep when she pleaseth.

Y Charge it is those Breaches to repair Which Nature takes from Sorrow, Toil and Rest to the Limbs, and quiet I confer On troubled Minds; but naught can add to her. Whom Heaven and her transcendant Thoughts (have plac'd

Above those Ills, which wretch'd Mortals Taft. Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy She, From all that may infringe delight, is free: Love at Her Royal Feet his Quiver lays, And not his Mother with more haft obeys.

Such

Hote.

Such real Pleasures, such true Joys suspence, What Dream can I present to recompence? Should I with Lightning fill her awful Hand, And make the Clouds feem all at her Command: Or place her in Olympus Top, a Guest Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar Feaft: That poor would feem, that entertainment short Of the true Splendor of her present Court; Where all the Joys and all the Glories are Of three great Kingdoms, fever'd from the care. I that of fumes and humid Vapours made, Ascending do the seat of Sense invade, No Cloud in fo ferene a Mansion find, To over-cast her ever-shining Mind, Which holds refemblance with those spotlesskies, Where flowing Nilus want of Rain supplies; ThatChristalHeaven, where Phabus nevershrouds His golden Beams, not wraps his Face in Clouds.

Bnt

But what so hard which numbers cannot Force?
So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their course:
The bold Maonian made me dare to Steep
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of Sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my Power,
I shall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
Where Gloriana their great Mistriss lies,
But gently taming those Victorious Eyes,
Charm all her Senses; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his course has Run:
Who while my Hand that fairer Light consines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that Shines.

At Pens-Hurst.

Hile in the Park I sing, the list'ning Deer Attend my Passion, and sorget to sear.

When to the Beeches I report my Flame,

They bow their Heads as if they selt the same.

To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs With loud complaints, they answer me in Show'rs. To thee a wild and cruel Soul is given, More deafthan Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n. Loves Foe profest, why dost thou falsly Feign Thy felf a Sidney? From which Noble strain He fprung, that could fo far exalt the name Of Love, and Warm our Nation with his Flame, That all we can of Love or high defire, Seems but the Smoak of Amorous Sidneys Fire. Nor call her Mother, who fo well do's prove. One Breast may hold both Chastity and Love. Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring In Joy and Bounty, be suppos'd to bring One so destructive; to no humane Stock We owe this fierce unkindness, but the Rock, That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whose side Nature to recompence the fatal Pride

Of

T

Of fuch stern Beauty, plac'd those healing Springs,
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
Thy Heart no ruder than the rugged Stone,
I might like Orpheus with my numerous Moan
Melt to compassion; now my Trait'rous Song,
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The Memory of what augments my Woes:
But with my own Breath still soment the Fire,
Which Flames as high as Fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th' indulgent Ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, President of Verse:
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to Sing;
Thus he advis'd me, on you aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted Mind
Some Truce at least may with his Passion find.

Ah cruel Nymph! From whom her humbleSwain
Flies for relief unto the Raging Main;
And from the Winds and Tempests does expect
A milder Fate, than from her cold Neglect:
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Blest in her Choice; and Vows this endless Love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer, (her.
But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on

Another.

A D Sacharissa Liv'd when Mortals made Choice of their Deities, this Sacred Shade Had held an Altar to her Power, that gave The Peace and Glory which these allays have: Embroidered so with Flowers where she stood, That it became a Garden of a Wood: Her Presence has such more than humane Grace, That it can Civilize the rudest Place;

And

And Beauty too, and Order can impart, Where Nature ne'r intended it, nor Art. The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire No less than those of old, did Orpheus's Lire: If she sit down, with Tops all towards her bow'ds They round about her into Arbors Crowd; Or if she Walk, in even Ranks they stand, Like some well-Marshal'd and obsequious Band. Amphion fo made Stones and Timber leap Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap: And in the Symmetry of her Parts is found A Power, like that of Harmony in found. Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchless Dame, That if together ye fed all one Flame, It could not equalize the hundredth part Of what her Eyes have kindled in my Heart, Go Boy, and Carve this Passion on the Bark Of yonder Tree, which stands the facred Mark

Of noble Sidney's Birth; when such Benign,
Such more than Mortal-making Stars did Shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The Monuments and Pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whose hope shall ne'r rise higher
Than for Pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

OT that thy Trees at Pens-hurst Groan Oppressed with their timely load,

And feem to make their filent Moan,

That their great Lord is now abroad:

They to delight his Tast or Eye, Would spend themselves in Fruit and Dye.

rather wolf ! all one Plan

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly Slain
By any other Hand than thine,
Whose Arrows they would gladly Stain:

No, nor thy Friends which hold too dear That Peace with France, which keeps thee there:

All these are less than that great Cause, Which now exacts your Presence here, Wherein there meet the divers Laws Of Publick and Domestick care.

For one bright Nymph our Youth contends, And on your Prudent Choice depends.

Not the bright Shield of Thetis's Son, For which such Stern debate did Rife, That the Great Ajax Telamon Refus'd to Live without the Prize, Those Achive Peers did more engage, Than she the Gallants of our Age.

That Beam of Beauty which begun To warm us fo when thou wert here,

of the land H 2 of polavish do Now

Now scorches like the Raging Sun
When Syrius does first appear.

O fix this Flame, and let despair Redeem the rest from endless Care!

To a very Young Lady.

HY came I so untimely forth

Into a World which wanted thee

Could entertain us with no worth

Or shadow of Felicity?

That time should me so far remove.

From that which I was Born to Love.

Yet fairest Blossom do not slight

That Age which you may know so soon;

The Rosse Morn resigns her Light,

And milder Glory to the Noon:

And then what Wonders shall you do,

Whose dawning Beauty warms us so?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flowry Prime,

And Summer, though it be less gay,

Yet is not lookt on as a time

Of Declination or Decay.

For with a full Hand that does bring

For with a full Hand that does bring All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

Shadows to Counterfeit that Face?

Colours of this Glorious kind,

Come not from any Mortal Place.

In Heaven it self thou sure wer't drest
With that Angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my Joy with closed Eyes.

H 3

But

But ah! This Image is too kind

To be other than a Dream! Dis . 19 minus bu A

Cruel Sachariffa's Mind and to the the total ton a toy

Never put on that Sweet extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend's me Grace,

Change that Heavenly Face of thine;

Paint despis'd Love in thy Face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagie let it look,

With a pity-moving Shape, or wobside

Such as Wander by the Brooking lo amolo

Of Lethe, or from Graves escape mon jon smo)

Then to that Matchless Nymph appear,

In whose Shape thou Shinest so,

Softly in her Sleeping Ear,

With humble Words express my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,

Thus surprised She may fall:

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And Death resembling equals all,

Moves with the N. o. o o o o o o o o o

Behold the Brand of Beauty toft;

See how the motion does dilate the Flame:

Delighted Love his Spoils does Boaft,

And Triumph in this Game.

Fire to no Place confin'd,

Is both our Wonder and our Fear,

Moving the Mind,

As Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encrease now an Of all her Shining Lamps this artful way:

H 4

Although

The

POEMS

The Sun in Figures fuch as these

Joys with the Moon to Play.

To the fweet Strains they advance,

Which do refult from their own Spheres; a both

As this Nymphs Dance,

Moves with the Numbers which she hears.

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmaleon's fate reverst is mine.

His Marble Love took Flesh and Bloud;

All that I Worshipt as Divine, and an animal of the Beauty now tis understood, which is a blood at Appears to have no more of Life and Edison.

Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet who apprehend Some fudden cause of causeless Fear,

Although

Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no Danger near,
A Shaking through their Limbs they find,
Like Leaves saluted by the Wind:

So though the Beauty do appear

No Beauty, which amaz'd me so;

Yet from my Breast 1 cannot Tear

The Passion which from thence did grow,

Nor yet out of my Fancy rase

The Print of that supposed Face,

A real Beauty, though too near,

The fond Narciffus did admire;

I dote on that which is no where,

The fign of Beauty feeds my Fire:

No Mortal Flame was e're fo Cruel

As this which thus furvives the Fuel.

Although that feening cause take end,

I like Leaves falmed by the Wind

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

The Silver Favour which you gave,

In Ink the Shining point I dy'd, a vin mon 194.

And drench'd it in the fable Wave:

When griev'd to be fo foully Stain'd, tuo 197

On you it thus to me complain'd the said of the

Suppose you had deserv'd to take, white a least A

From her fair Hand fo fair a boon A buol out

Yet how deserved I to make sittly said no ston I

So ill a Change, who ever Won allo agil and

Immortal Praise for what I wrought, istroly old

Instructed by her Noble Thought?

I that

I that expressed her Commands

To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,

Always most welcome to their Hands,

Proud that I would record their Names, Wall

Must now be taught an humble Stile will son over

Some meaner Beauty to beguile.

So I, the wronged Pen to please,

Make it my humble Thanks express

Unto your Ladyship in These:

And now 'tis forced to confess, and aid of

That your great felf did ne're indire, it was

Nor that to one more Noble Write, you sarah

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by

Those Show'rs the Eves of us voin Servanes P.

T Wice Twenty slender Virgins Fingers twine This curious Web, where all their fancies shine;

As Nature Them, so they this Shade have wrought Soft as their Hands, and various as their thought. Not Juno's Bird, when this fair train dispread, He Wooes the Female to his Painted Bed; No not the Bow which so adorns the Skies, So Glorious is, or Boafts fo many Dies.

To my Lord of Northumberland upon the Death of his Lady. Unto your Lady hi

O this Great loss a Sea of Tears is due; But the whole Debt not to be paid by you: Charge not your felf with all, nor render Vain Those Show'rs the Eyes of us your Servants Rain. Shall grief contract the largeness of that Heart, In which nor Fear nor Angerhas a part? Virtue would Blush, if time should boast (which Her Sole Child Dead, the tender Mothers Eyes) Your aA

Your Minds relief, where Reason Triumphs so Over all Passions, that they ne'r could grow Beyond their Limits in your Noble Breast, To harm another, or impeach your Rest. This we observ'd, delighting to obey One who did never from his great felf Stray: Whose mild Example seemed to engage Th' obsequious Seas, and teach them not to Rage. The brave Emilius, his great Charge laid down, (The Force of Rome, and Fate of Macedon) In his loft Sons did feel the cruel Stroke Of changing Fortune, and thus highly Spoke Before Rome's People: We did oft implore That if the Heavens had any bad in Store For your Emilius, they would pour that Ill On his own House, and let you Flourish still. You on the barren Seas (my Lord) have spent, Whole Springs and Summers, to the Publick lent: Suspen !

110

Suspended all the Pleasures of your Life, And shortened the short Joy of such a Wife: For which your Countrey's more obliged, then For many Lives of Old, less-happy Men. You that have Sacrific'd fo great a part Of Youth and private Blifs, ought to impart Your Sorrow too, and give your Friends a Right As well in your Affliction, as Delight: Then with Emilian Courage bear this Cross, Since publick Persons only publick Loss Ought to affect: And though her Form and Youth, Her Application to your Will and Truth, That noble Sweetness, and that Humble State All fnatch'd away by fuch a hasty Fate, Might give excuse to any common Breast, With the huge Weight of so just Grief opprest; Yet let no Portion of your Life be stain'd With Passion, but your Character maintain'd

To

F

D

T

A

T

W

To the last Act; it is enough, her Stone
May Honoured be with Superscription
Of the sole Lady, who had Power to move
The Great Northumberland to Grieve and Love.

To my Lord Admiral of bis late Sickness and Recovery.

paring Schmes, and court of lots P

Orpheus returning from th' Elizian Shades
Embrace the Hero, and his ftay implore,
Make it their publick Suit, he would no more
Defert them fo, and for his Spoufes fake,
His vanisht Love, tempt the Lethean Lake:
The Ladies too, the brightest of that Time,
Ambitious all his lofty Bed to Clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation Feed,
Who shall the Fair Euridice succeed:

Euridice

Euridice, for whom his num'rous Moan (Groan: Makes liftning Trees, and falvage Mountains Through all the Air his founding Strings Dilate Sorrow, like that which toucht our Hearts of late. Your pining Sickness, and your restless Pain, At once the Land affecting, and the Main: When the glad News that you were Admiral, Scarce through the Nation spread,'twas fear'd by all That our great Charles whose Wisdomshines inyou. Would be perplexed how to chuse a new. So more than Private was the Joy and Grief, That at the worst, it gave our Souls relief: That in our Age fuch Sense of Virtue Liv'd, They Joy'd so justly, and so justly Griev'd. Nature, (her Fairest Lights eclipsed,) seems Her self to suffer in those sharp Extremes: While not from thine alone thy Blood retires, But from those Cheeks which all the World ad-The mires.

The stemm thus threatned, and the Sap in thee,
Drop all the Branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save they Health intend?
As Lillies over charg'd with Rain they bend
Their beautious Heads, and with high Heaven conFold thee within their Snowy Arms and cry (tend;
He is too faultless and too Young to Die:
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away:
Who would not Languish by so fair a Train,
To be Lamented and Restor'd again?

Or thus with-held, what hasty Soul would go Though to be blest? O'er her Adona so Fair Venus Mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r Of her warm Tears cherisht the springing Flow'r

The next support fair hope of your great Name,
And second Pillar of that Noble Frame,

0

114 POEMS

By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursues thee to the Grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end
The Line which backward does so far extend,
Th' antick Stock which still the World supplies
With bravest Spirits, and with brightest Eyes,
Kind Phabus interposing, bid me say (they,
Such Storms no more shall shake that House, but
Like Neptune, and his Sea-born Neice, shall be
The shining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage Guard, and Beauty warm our Age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick Rage.

A la Malade.

A H Lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what's Good or Fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich Gifts conferr'd on you,

So Ample thence the common end
Ofgiving Lovers, to pretend.

Hence to this pining Sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no Power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair; for Heaven
Sollicits thee with such a care,
As Roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh as on the Bush they grew.

With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on Pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as Pale Sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the Breaches made

116 POEMS

In that fair Lodging, still more clear

Make the bright guest your Soul, appear.

So Nymphs o're pathless Mountains born,

Their light Robes by the Brambles Torn

From their fair Limbs, exposing new

And unknown Beauties to the view

Of following Gods, increase their Flame,

And hast to catch the slying Game.

Of the Queen.

HE Lark that shuns on losty Boughs to build Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
But if the promise of a Cloudless Day,

Aurora smiling, bids her rise and Play, (Voice Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of Or Power to Climb, she made so low a choice:

Singing she Mounts, her Airy Wings are stretcht

Towards Heaven, as if from Heaven her note she fetcht.

So we retiring from the busie throng,

Use to restrain th' ambition of our Song;

But since the light which now informs our Age

Breaks from the Court indulgent to her Rage,

Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, Flies

To light her Torch at Gloriana's Eyes.

Such a Constation, and & radiant H

Those Sovereign Beams, which head the wounded And all our cares but once beheld controul; (Soul There the poor Lover that has long endur'd Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond Passion cur'd Fares like the Man who first upon the Ground A glow Worm spy'd, supposing he had sound A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone (For Life it had, and like those Jewels Shone:)

He held it dear, till by the springing Day

Inform'd, he threw the worthless Worm away.

She faves the Lover as we Gangrenes stay, By cutting hope, like a lopt Limb, away: This makes her bleeding Patience to accuse High Heaven, and these Expostulations use: Could Nature then no private Women Grace (Whom we might dare to Love) with fuch a Face, Such a Complexion, and so radiant Eyes Such Lovely motion, and fuch fharp Replies? Beyond our reach, and yet within our Sight, What envious Power has plac'd this glorious Light?

Thus in a Starry Night fond Children cry For the rich spangles that adorn the Sky; Which though they Shine for ever fixed there, With light and influence relieve us here. All her Affections are to one enclin'd, Her Bounty and Compassion to Mankind; and all To whom while the fo far extends her Grace, She makes but good the promise of her Face:

For

For Mercy has (could Mercies felf be feen)

No fweeter look than this propitious Queen;

Such Guard and Comfort the Distressed find

From her large Power, and from her larger Mind,

That whom ill fate would Ruin, it prefers,

For all the Miserable are made Hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
poor Sheep from Tempests, and their Shepherds
The Royal Bird possesses all the Bows, (Shields.
But shade and shelter to the Flock allows.

Like wonders to accomplish Springs found hine.

Mone minist the Modage of Ma

Joy of our Age and fafety of the next,

For which so oft thy fertile Womb is vext:

Nobly contented, for the Publick good

To wast thy Spirits, and diffuse thy Blood:

What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,

Where Monarchs thus descended are to Reign?

Led by Commanders of so fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer shall our Power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly Frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
And then a Weapon, and a Flaming Shield,
Bright as his Mothers Eyes, he makes him yield.
None might the Mother of Achilles be,
But the fair Pearl, and Glory of the Sea;
The Man to whom great Maro gives such Fame
From the high Bed of Heavenly Venus came;
And our next Charles, (whom all the Stars design
Like wonders to accomplish) Springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

AY those already curst Essexian plains,
Where hasty Deathand piningsickness reigns
Prove as a Desart, and none there make stay,
But Savage Beast, or Men as Wild as they.

A Direction Hier

There

There the fair Light which all our Island grac'd,
Like Hero's Taper in the Window plac'd,
Such fate from the Malignant Air did find,
As that exposed to the Boisterous Wind.

Ah cruel Heaven! To snatch so soon away
Her, for whose Life had we had time to pray,
With thousand Vows and Tears we should have

That fad Degrees suspension to have wrought.

But we (alas) no whisper of her Pain

Heard, till 'twas Sin to wish her here again.

That Horrid word at once like Lightning spread,

Strook all our Ears, the Lady Rich is Dead.

Heart rending News, and dreadful to those sew

Who her resemble, and her steps pursue.

That Death should License have to Rage among.

The Fair, the Wise the Virtuous, and the Young;

The Paphian Queen from that sierce Battle Born,

With goared Hand and Veil so rudely Torn, Like

Like Terror did among th' Immortals Breed, Taught by her Wound that Goddeffes may Bleed All fland amazed, but beyond the rest Th' Heroick Dame whose happy Womb she blest, Mov'd with just grief Expostulates with Heaven, Urging the promise to the Obsequious given, Of longer Life; for ne'er was Pious Soul More apt t' Obey, more worthy to Controul. A skilful Eye at once might read the Race Of Caledonian Monarchs in her Face, And fweet Humility; her Look and Mind, At once were Lofty, and at once were Kind. There dwelt the feom of Vice, and Pity too, For those that did what she disdain'd to do: So gentile and fevere, that what was bad At once her Hatred and her Pardon had. Gracious to all, but where her Love was due, So Fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True, tad Togos of Hand and Vellio, rudely Toros Lilie

That a bold Hand as foon might hope to Force
The rouling Lights of Heaven, as change her course,
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here,
And when this Cloud of Sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide World we'll make her Graces
So fresh the Wound is, and the grief so vast, (known,
That all our Art and Bower of Speech is waste:
Here Passion sways; but there the Muse shall raise

There our delight complying with her Fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy Name,
Fair Sacharissa, and now only Fair:
Tosacred Friendship we'll an Altar Rear,
Such as the Romans did erect of old,
Whereon a Marble Pillar shall be told
The lovely Passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair,
Narcissa

Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.

Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than yours to her fair Mind:
Save that you grac'd the several parts of Life,
A spotless Virgin, and a faultless Wife?
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her Associates now.

How falle is Hope, and how regardless Fate,

That such a Love should have so short a Date!

Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee

(Alas that such the last Farewel should be!)

So look't Astraa, her remove design'd,

On those Distressed Friends she lest behind:

Consent in Virtue knit your Hearts so fast,

That still the Knot, in spite of Death does last:

For as your Tears and sorrow-wounded Soul

Prove well that on your part this Bond is whole:

So all we know of what they do above,

Is, that they happy are, and that they Love.

Content themselves our frailer Thoughts to have Well chosen Love is never taught to Die,
But with our Nobler part invades the Sky:
Then grieve no more, that one so Heavenly shap'd The crooked Hand of trembling Age escap'd.
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away:
Her wondrous Beauty and her Goodness Merit,
We should suppose that some propitious Spirit,
In that Celestial Form frequented here,
And is not Dead, but ceases to appear.

To the Queen Mother of France upon her Landing.

tond and the wears,

Reat Queen of Europe, where thy off-spring
All the chief Crowns, where Princes, are thy
(Heirs.

As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt Britain's Shore,

As erst Latona (who fair Cinthia bore)

To Delos was. Here Shines a Nymph as Bright,

By thee disclos'd, with like encrease of Light.

Why was her Joy in Belgia confin'd?

Or why did you so much regard the Wind?

Scarce could the Ocean (though inraged) have toft

ThySovereignBark, but where th' obsequious coast

Paystribute to the Bed : Rome's conquering Hand

More vanquish'd Nations under her Command

Never reduc'd; glad Berecinthia, fo

Among her Deathless Progeny did go;

A wreath of Flow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head,

Mother of all that on Ambrosia Fed:

Thy godlike Race must sway the Age to come,

As she Olympas, Peopled with her Womb.

Would those Commanders of Mankind obey

Their honor'd Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at their Royal Feet, compose their Jarrs,
And on the growing Turk discharge these Wars:
The Christian Knights that sacred Tomb should wrest

From Pagan Hands, and Triumph o'er the East;
Our Englands Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
Like Young Rinaldo, and Tancredo Fight
In single Combate; by their Sword again
The proud Argantes and sierce Soldan Slain;
Again, might we with valiant Deeds recite,
And with your Thuscan Muse exalt the Fight.

To the Mutable Fair.

HERE, Calia, for thy fake I part
With all that grew fo near my Heart;
The Passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And that I may successful prove
Transform my self to what you Love. Fool

T28 POEMS

er that I was so much to Prize Those simple Virtues you despise, Fool that with fuch dull Arrows strove, Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove; For you that are in motion still Decline our Force, and Mock our Skill. Who like Don Quixot do advance. Against a Wind-mill our vain Launce. Now will I wander through the Air, Mount, make a stop at every Fair, And with a Fancy unconfin'd (As Lawless as the Sea or Wind) Pursue you wheresoe'r you Fly, And with your various Thoughts comply. The formal Stars do Travel fo, As we their Names and Courses know, And he that on their Charges looks, Would think them Govern'd by our Books,

Sec. प

But never were the Clouds reduc'd To any Art the Motion us'd By those free Vapours are so Light, So frequent, that the Conquer'd fight Despairs to find the Rules that Guide Those Gilded Shadows as they Slide. Jave now And therefore of the spacious Air Joves Royal confort had the Care: And by that Power did once escape, Declining bold Ixions Rape; She with her own refemblance Grac'd A shining Cloud which he embrac'd. Such was that Image, foit fmil'd With feeming kindness which beguil'd Your Thirsis lately when he thought He had his fleeting Calia caught. 'Twas shap'd like her, but for the Fair He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

ron

130 POEMS

A Fate for which he grieves the lefs, who and
Because the Gods had like fuccess.
For in their Story one (we fee) qui and soil va
Pursue; a Nymph, and takes a Tree: mon poil of
A fecond with a Lover's half sand that or suisque C
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd; folio and I
But she that did a Virgin feem, It to enclosed but
Possest appears a wandring Streame lavo Street
For his supposed Love a third new of rade yd had
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird; ablod animilad
And stands amaz'd to find his Dear,
A Wild Inhabitant of the Airly buol Quintel A
To these old Tales such Nymphs as you
Give credit, and fill make them new,
The Am'rous now like Wonders find,
In the swift Changes of your Minds and and all

Nor would that he Record your blame, And make it Live, repeat the fame, Again deceive him and again, all as Mooding and T And then he Swears he'll not complain. For still to be deluded for Is all the Pleafure Lovers know, Who, (like good Faulkners) take delight, Not in the Quarry, but the Flight.

the belduon of the Salley. And Hangar Quart.

F Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old, Light feem the Tales Antiquity has told. Such Beafts and MonRers as their Force opprest Some places only, and fometimes infelt; Salley that fcorn'd all Power and Laws of Men, Goods with their Owners hurrying to their Den, And future Ages threat'ning with a Rude And Savage Race successively renew'd,

Safely

Their King despising wirh Rebellious Pride,
And Foes profest to all the World beside.
This pest of Mankind gives our Hero Fame,
And through th' obliged World dilates his Name.

The Prophet once to cruel Agag faid, As thy fierce Sword has Mothers childless made, So shall the Sword make thine; and with that He hew'd the Man in pieces with his Sword: (word Just Charles like measure has return'd to these, Whose Pagan Hands had stain'd the troubled Seas; WithShips they made the spoiled Merchant Mourn, With Ships their City and themselves are Torn. One Squadron of our Winged Castles sent O'er-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent: For not content the dangers to increase, walkar. And Act the part of Tempests in the Seas, Like hungry Wolves these Pirats from our Shore, WholeFlocks of Sheep, and Ravish't Cattle bore; Safely Hell!

Safely they might on other Nations Prey, Fools to provoke the Soveraign of the Sea: Mad Cacus fo whom like ill fate perswades The Herd of fair Alemena's Seed invades: Who for Revenge, and Mortals glad Relief, (Thief. Sack'd the dark Cave, and crush'd that horrid Morecco's Monarch wondring at this Fact, Save that his presence his affairs exact, Had come in Person to have seen and known The injur'd Worlds Revenger and his own. Hither he fends the chief among his Peers, Who in his Bark proportion'd Presents bears To the renown'd for Piety and Force, Poor Captives manumiz'd and matchless Horse.

Puerperium.

YOU Gods that have the Power,
To Trouble, and Compose

All that's beneath your Power, introductions

Calm filence on the Seas, on Earth impole, 1004

Fair Venus in thy fost Arms, mod wol was D bald

The God of Rage confine, wish to broth ed T

Which only can divert his fierce Defign. 1845.2

What though he frown, and to Tumult doincline,
Thou the Flame.

Kindled in his Breast can'st tame,

With that Snow which unmelted lies on thine?

Great Goddess give this thy Sacred Island rest, W

Hither he londs the chief among his

Make Heaven fmile, To have a ratio T

That no Storm diffurb us, while was 2009

Thy chief care our Haleyon Builds her Neft.

Great Gloriana, Fair Gloriana,

Bright as high Heaven is, and Fertile as Earth,

Whofe

Whose Beauty relieves us, Whose Royal Bed gives us

Both Glory and Peace.

Our present Joy, and all our Hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

(known

While she pretends to make the Graces
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own,

And when she would anothers Praise indite,

Is by her Glass instructed how to write.

To one Married to an old Man.

Since thou would'st needs, bewitcht with some (ill Charms,

Be buried in those Monumental Arms:

ziodT

All we can wish, is, may that Earth lie Light Upon thy tender Limbs, and so good Night.

K 4

To Flavia Song.

IS not your Beauty can ingage
My weary Heart;

The Sun in all his Pride and Rage,

Has not that Art;

Whom Beauty a clieve

And yet he Shines as Bright as you,

If Brightness could our Souls subdue.

Tis not the pretty Things you fay,
Nor those you Write,

Which can make Thirsis Heart your Preyed you

For that delight,

The Graces of a well-taught Mind,

In some of our own Sex we find, w world and

No Flavia, 'tis your Love I fear,

A Loves furest Darts, ni horand ell

Those which so seldom fait him are w new will A

Headed with Hearts; di noqu

Their

Their very Shadows make us yield, which and I Diffemble well, and win the Field.

Merthe fell meer la ad roe

EE how the willing Earth gave way nor T To take the impression where she lay. 10 See how the Mould as loath to leave in the mount in a So fweet a burden, still doth cleave woll Close to the Nymphs stain'd Garment; here I The coming Spring would first appear, aid nor W And all this place with Roses strow, Voladago II If busie Feet would let them grow; desid asw To Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance It felf, before her Son advance, And a fair Image to prefent Of what the Boy fo long had meant: Twas fuch a Chance as this made all The World into this order fall:

Thus

Thus the first Lovers, on the Clay
Of which they were Composed lay;
So in their prime with equal Grace
Met the first Patterns of our Race:
Then blush not (Fair) or on him Frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,
How could be then support your Weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,

Of Silvia. Defore her Son and Il

UR sights are heard, just Heav'n declares
The Sense it has of Lovers cares:
She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the Fair whiles she was kind;

As

When Floridies

As if her Frowns impair'd her Brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now:

So when the Sky makes us endure

A Storm, it felf becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my Flame, I submit we

Hiding from Flavia's felf her Name,

Left the provoking Heaven should prove

How it rewards neglected Love,

Better a thousand fuch as I, of acroy one of

Their Grief untold, should Pine and Die;

Than her Bright Morning over-cast With sullen Clouds should be defact.

The Budd.

Ately on yonder swelling Bush,

Big with many a coming Rose,

This early Bud began to Blush,

And did but half it self disclose;

So whoathe Shy analose sending

I pluck't it, though no better grown, And now you fee how full 'tis Blown.

Such as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a Purple Light they Shone
As if they had been made of Fire,
And spreading so, would Flame anon:

All that was meant by Air or Sun To the young Flower, my Breath has done.

I beir Grief untold, flould Pine and Die

What may the same inform's of Love, What may the same inform the same information the same info

When Flavia it aspires to move:

When that, which Life-less Buds preswades
To Wax more soft, her Youth Invades.

And did but hat It Car diffole;

Word Upon Ben Johnson. Indica fold W

Irror of Poets, Mirror of our Age! (Stage Which her whole Face beholding on thy Pleas'd and displeas'd with her ownFaults, indures A Remedy like those whom Musick cures: Thou haft alone those various Inclinations Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations: So traced with thy All-refembling Pen That what er'e custom has impos'd on Men; Or Ill got Habit, which deforms them fo, That scarce a Brother can his Brother know, Is represented to the wondring Eyes Of all that see or read thy Comedies: Who ever in those Glasses looks, may find The spots return'd, or Graces of his Mind: And by the help of fo Divine an Art At leifure view and dress his Nobler Part. Narcisus

Narcissus couzen'd by that Flattering Well, Which nothing could but of his Beauty tell, Had here discovering the deform'd Estate Of his fond Mind, preserv'd himself with Hate; But Virtue too, as well as Vice, is Clad In Flesh and Blood so well, that Plato had Beheld what his high Fancy once Embrac't: Virtue with Colours, Speech, and Motion Grac't: The fundry postures of thy Copious Muse Who would express, a thousand Tongues must use; Whose Fate's no less peculiar than thy Art. For as thou could'st all Characters impart: So none could render thine, who still escapes Like Protess in variety of Shapes, Who was, nor this, nor that, but all, we find, And all we can imagine in Mankind.

And by the help of the Cliving

At letture view and dreak life No. 1 let Piert.

Wardtowall

To Mr. George Sands, on his Translation of some parts of the Bible.

(Fell me (braye Friend) what help'd thee fo

Which would inrich our vulgar Tongue
With the high Raptures of those Men,
Who here with the same Spirit sung,
Wherewith they now affist the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songsadmire?

What ever these inspired Souls

Were urged to express did shake,

The aged Deep, and both the Poles;

Their num'rous Thunder could awake

Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent

To all they Wrote, and all they Meant.

Never canst thou want matter to ling :

So Love the refult is of all the Graces

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow
ourage on thee, to soar so High?

Tell

144 POEMS HOTH

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee fo

To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher Than he who stole Celestial Fire.

Chloris and Hilas. Made to a Sarabran.

Chl. Hilas, & Hilas, why fit we mute, Now that each Bird faluteth the Spring?

Wind up the flackn'd Strings of thy Lute,

Never canft thou want matter to fing:

For Love thy Breast does fill with fuch a Fire,

That whatfo're is Fair, moves thy defire.

Hil. Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,

Of various Flowers the Bees do Compose,

Yet no particular Tast it brings dw. dried Hold

BAT

Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Role: March

So Love the refult is of all the Graces

Which flow from a thousand several Faces.

slda age on thee, to foat fo High

Could we but know the Language they use,

Could we but know the Language they use,

They would instruct us better in Love,

And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:

For Love their Breasts does fill with such a Fire,

That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

Hil. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve,

Which the warm Season hither does bring;

Time from your self does further remove

You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:

She that like lightning shin'd while her Face lasted,

The Oak now resembles which Lightning hath

(blasted.)

Under a Ladies Picture.

Such Hellen was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a Flame consum'd his Troy?
But had like Virtue Shin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,

146 POEMS

Or hope for Pity, but with filent Moan, And better Fate had Perished alone.

In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

Pro.

S Tay here fond Youth and ask no more be wife, Knowing too much, long fince lost Paradice.

This was not Condide min was single VI

And by your Knowledge we should be bereft

Of all that Paradice which yet is left.

Pro. Mandalin (ftill

The Virtuous Joys thou hast, thou woul'st, should Last in their Pride, and woul'st not take it Ill If Rudely from sweet Dreams, and for a Toy Thou awak't, he Wakes himself that does enjoy.

Con.

How can the Joy or Hope which you allow Be Stiled Virtuous, and the end not so?

Talk

Talk in your Sleep, and Shadows still Admire. 'Tis true, he Wakes that feels this real Fire. But to Sleep better; for who e're Drinks deep Of this Nepenthe, Rocks himself asleep.

ad Airea orbits nort Pro. belgoof ad flam back

Fruition adds no new Wealth, but deftroys, And while it pleaseth much, yet still it Cloys: Who thinks he should be happier made for that As reasonably might hope he might grow Fat By Eating to a Surfeit, this once past, What Relishes? Even Kisses lose their Tast.

vional wand Contain a hard the months not

Bleffings may be repeated, while they Cloy, But shall we Starve, cause Surfeitings destroy? And if Fruition did the Tast impair Of Kiffes, why should yonder happy Pair, Whose Joys, just Hymen Warrants all the Night, Confume the Day too in this less Delight?

POEMS

Talk in cont Sleep a ros Pros a ros 12 anov ni alla T

Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! We know

The homliest thing that Mankind does, is so.

The World is of a large extent we see,

And must be Peopled, Children there must be,

So must Bread too; but since there are enough

Born to that Drudgery, what need we Plough?

Con.

I need not Plough, fince what the stooping Hind Gets of my Pregnant Land, must all be mine:
But in this Nobler Tillage 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What Interest had poor Vulcan in the Boy,
Famous Aneas, or the present Joy?

gan Pro. edi bib nollini ba bank

Women enjoy'd, whate'retofore they've been,

Are like Romances read, or Scenes once feen:

Fruition dulls, or fpoils the Play much more

Than if one read or knew the Plot before. Con.

..... Con. west of any thoon of

Plays and Romances Read, and seen, do fall
In our Opinions, yet not seen at all
Whom would they please? To an Heroick Tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow Stale?

Pro.

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleffing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it

Con. (were

If'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
Twould not be Heaven to those that now are

Pro. (there-

As in Prospects we are there pleased most,
Where something keeps the Eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,
Holds up delight, that with excess would Faint.

Annit rove Tom Con.

Restraint preserves the Pleasure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not. L, 3 In

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the Bounty of the Place?
We wish remov,'d what standethin our Light
And Nature blame for Limiting our Sight,
Where you stand wisely winking that the View
Of the fair Prospect may be always new.

mel med mion mu .orq Blothing dent.

They who know all the Wealth they have, are He's only Rich that cannot tell his Store. (Poor:

n wand Con i naveal I ton slowed

Nor he that knows the Wealth he has, is Poor,
But he that dares not touch, nor use his Store.

To a Friend of the different success of their Loves.

Thrice happy Pair of whom we cannot know,
Which first began to Love, or loves most now:
Fair course of Passion where two Lovers Start,
And run together, Heart still Yoakt with Heart:
Successful

Successful Youth, whom Love has taught the way To be Victorious in the first Esfay. Sure Love's an Art best Practifed at first, And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst; I with a different Fate pursu'd in Vain The haughty Calia, till my just Disdain Of her neglect, above that Passion Born, Did Pride to Pride oppose, and Scorn to Scorn, Now she Relents, but all too late to Move A Heart directed to a Nobler Love: (more, The Scales are turn'd, her kindness Weighs no Now, than my Vows and Service did before: So in some well wrought Hangings you may see How Hector Leads, and how the Grecians Flee; Here the fierce Mars his Courage so inspires, That with bold Hands the Argive Fleet he Fires; But there from Heaven the blew Ey'd Virgin falls And frighted Troy retires within her Walls.

They that are foremost in that Bloody Race

Turn Head anon, and give the Conqu'rors Chase;

So like the Chances are of Love and War,

That they alone in this distinguish'd are:

In Love the Victors from the vanquish'd Fly,

They Fly that Wound, and they Pursue that Die.

An Apology for having Loved before.

Of the Grapes furprizing Juice;

To the first delicious Cup,

All their Reason render up: 107 min and 100%

Neither do, nor care to know, when and all of

Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to Love inclin'd;

Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art,

To the first that's Fair or Kind, I month and I

Make a present of their Heart:

'Tis not she that first we Love, But whom Dying we approve.

To Man that was i' th' Evening made, Stars gave the first delight: Admiring in the gloomy Shade, Those little drops of Light.

Then at Aurora, whose fair Hand Remov'd them from the Skies, and and and A He gazing toward the East did stand, She entertain'd his Eyes, who had now blood

But when the bright Sun did appear, All those he can despise, A Postion to vout in His Wonder was determin'd there, Mor all appen And could no higher Rife; Worshy the Stock Contraction

He neither might, not wisht to know A more refulgent Light:

But what the Ma

Acorto al

154 POEMS

For that (as mine your Beauties now)
Imploy'd his utmost Fight.

To Zelinda.

Airest Piece of well form'd Earth, Urge not thus your haughty Birth: The Power which you have o're us lies Not in your Race but in your Eyes: None but a Prince! Alas that Voice Confines you to a narrow Choice! Should you no Honey Vow to Taft, But what the Master-Bees have Plac't In Compass of their Cells, how small A Portion to your share would fall? Nor all appear among those few, Worthy the Stock from whence they grew: The Sap which at the Root is Bred made all In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread;

101

But Virtues which in Parents Shine, Make not like Progress through the Line, 'Tis not from whom, but where we Live; The Place does oft those Graces give. Great Julius on the Mountains Bred, A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led, He that the World subdu'd, had been But the best Wrestler on the Green: 'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth The hidden Seeds of Native Worth: They blow those Sparks and make them Rise Into fuch Flames as touch the Skies. To the old Heroes hence was given A Pedigree which reach't to Heaven; Of mortal Seed they were not held. Which other Mortals fo excell'd; And Beauty too in fuch Excess As yours, Zelinda claims no less.

Smile

Smile but on me and you shall Scorn Henceforth to be of Princes Born, Collision of the I can describe the Shady Grove Whole of Where your lov'd Mother Slept with Jove, And yet excuse the faultless Dame, Caught with her Spouses Shape and Name; Thy Matchless Form will Credit bring To all the Wonders I shall Sing. W. Sod all Mill

On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays.

Letcher, to thee we do not only owe All our good Plays, but all those other too, Thy Wit repeated, does support the Stage, Credits the last, and entertains this Age, No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine Could purchase Robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave Commander is not Proud to fee Thy brave Melantius in his Gallantry?

Our greatest Ladies love to see their Scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves haveworn;
The impatient Widow e're the Year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia Weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick Strain assay'd,

Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.

And when I venture at the Comick Stile,

Thy scornful Lady seems to Mock my Toil.

Thus has my Muse at once improv'd and marr'd Our sport in Plays by rendring it too Hard;
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw,
The Bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So sar, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their Emulation, and their Pastime lasts;
But is some Brawny Yeomen of the Guard
Step in and toss the Axle-Tree a Yard
Or more beyond the surthest Mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their Sport is at the best.

mowaved savia To Chloris. and and and and

Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your Favours with your Fears encrease,
And growing Mischiess make you kind:
So the fair Tree which still preserves
Her Fruit and State, whil'st no Winds Blows,
In Storms from that uprightness Swerves,
And the glad Earth about her Strows
With Treasure from her yielding Boughs

On St. James's Park, as lately improved by His Majesty.

OF the first Paradice there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish't, and the
(Ground;

Yet the description lasts; who knows the Fate

Of lives that shall this Paradice relate?

In-

The

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side Of Eden's Garden, here Flows in the Tyde; The Sea which always ferv'd his Empire, now Pays Tribute to our Prince's pleasure too: Of famous Cities we the Founders know; But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go, Are Nature's Bounty; 'tis of more renown To make a River than to build a Town. For future Shade young Trees upon the Banks Of the new Stream appear in even Ranks: The Voice of Orpheus or Amphion's Hand In better Order could not make them stand; May they encrease as fast, and spread their Boughs, As the high Fame of their great Owner grows! May he Live long enough to fee them all Dark Shadows caft, and as his Palace Tall. Methinks I fee the Love that shall be made, The Lovers Walking in that a morous Shade.

e

13

lers,

T.

The Gallants Dancing by the River fide, They Bath in Summer, and in Winter Slide: Methinks I hear the Musick in the Boats, And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes, Whilst overhead a Flock of new sprung Fowl Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun control: Dark'ning the Sky they hover o're, and Shrowd The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud: Beneath a Shole of Silver Fishes glides, And plays about the gilded Barges fides; The Ladies angling in the Christal Lake, Feaft on the Waters with the Prey they take; At once Victorious with their Lines and Eyes They make the Fishes and the Men their Prize; A thousand Cupids on the Billows Ride, And Sea. Nymphs enter with the swelling Tide; From Thetis sent as Spies to make report, And tell the wonders of her Soveraign's Court,

All

All that can living Feed the greedy Eye, Or dead the Palat, here you may descry, The choicest things that furnisht Noah's Ark, Or Peter's Sheet, Inhabiting this Park: All with a border of rich Fruit-trees Crown'd, Whose loaded Branches hide the losty Mound. Such various ways the spacious Allies lead, My doubtful Muse knows not what Path to tread: Yonder the Harvest of cold Months laid up, Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup, There Ice, like Chrystal, firm and never lost, Tempers Hot July with Decembers Frost, Winters dark Prison, whence he cannot Fly, Though the warm Spring his Enemy draws nigh: Strange! That extremes should thus preserve the obligates, and Angels eppermin'd (Snow

High on the Alps, or indeed Caves below.

SIXV MENT REVOID M IN THE MENT HERE

Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the Joy
To see our Prince his matchless Force imploy;
His Manly Posture and his Graceful Meen
Vigour and Youth in all his Motions seen,
His Shape so Lovely and his Limbs so Strong,
Consirm our hopes we shall obey him long:
No sooner has he toucht the Flying Ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a Fury from his Arm has got
As from a Smoaking Culverin 'twere Shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her,
A living Gallery of Aged Trees; (sees,
Bold Sons of Earth that thrust their Arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In such green Palaces the first Kings Reign'd,
Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old Counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew Wise;

Free

Free from th' impediments of Light and Noise Man thus retir'd his Nobler Thoughts imploys: Here Charles contrives the ordering of his States, Here he refolves his neighb'ring Princes Fates: What Nation shall have Peace, where War be Determin'd is in this oraculous Shade; (made The World from India to the Frozen North, Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth. His/Fancy Objects from his View receives, The prospect Thought and Contemplation gives! That feat of Empire here falutes his Eye, To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply, The structure by a Prelate rais'd, Whitehall, Built with the Fortune of Rome's Capitol; Both disproportion'd to the present State Of their Proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate; From hence he does that antique Pile behold, Where Royal Heads receive the facred Gold;

It gives them Crowns, and does their Ashes keep,
There made like Gods, like Mortals there they

as 1132 and to guidely o and as virtue as (Sleep;

Making the Circle of their Reign compleat, short Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set: W. When others fell, this flanding did presage mand The Crown should Triumph over popular Rage, Hard by that House where all our Ills were shap'd, Th' auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd. So Snow on Atna does unmelted lie, Whence rowlingFlames and scatter'd CindersFly; The distant Countrey in the Ruin shares, (spares. What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain Next that capacious Hall he sees the Room, Where the whole Nation does for Justice come. Under whose large Roof flourishes the Gown, And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown. Here like the Peoples Pastor he does go, His Flock subjected to his view below; On

On which reflecting in his mighty Mind, No private Passion does Indulgence find ; of vac The Pleasures of his Youth suspended are, and A And made a Sacrifice to publick care; head, moor Here free from Court compliances he Walks, And with himfelf, his best adviser Talks; Blood How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade. A For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade; Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd. For Nations Conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd: Of Ancient Prudence here he Ruminates, Of rifing Kingdoms, and of falling States, What ruling Arts gave Great Augustus Fame, And how Alcides purchas'd fuch a Name !! His Eyes upon his Native Palace bent a minima Close by, suggest a greater Argument, 1900 oT His thoughts rife higher when he does Reflect T On what the World may from that Star expect Which M 3

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see

Day for his sake could with the Night agree;

A Prince on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,

Born, the divided World to reconcile;

Whatever Heaven or high extracted Blood

Could promise or foretel, he will make good;

Resorm these Nations, and improve them more,

Than this sair Park from what it was before.

To Sir William D' Avenant upon his Two first Books of Gondibert, written in France.

Of the man proved that he with insurer chare

(home

Hus the wife Nightingale that leaves her Her Native Wood, when Storm and Winter Pursuing constantly the cheerful Spring, (come, To Foreign Groves does her old Musick bring; The drooping Hebrews banish'd Harps unstrung At Babylon, upon the Willows hung;

Yours

Yours founds aloud, and tells us you excel No less in Courage, than in Singing well; Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know, They have impoverish'd themselves, not you; Who with the Muses help can Mock those Fates Which threatens Kingdoms, and diforders States. So Ovid, when from Cefar's Rage he Fled, The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led; Where he fo Sung, that we through Pities Glass, See Nero Milder than Augustus was. Hereafter fuch in thy behalf shall be Th' indulgent Censure of Posterity. To banish those who with such art can Sing, Is a rude Crime which its own Curfe doth bring. Ages to come shall ne'r know how they Fought, Nor how to Love their present Youth be Taught, This to thy felf. Now to thy matchless Book, Wherein those few that can with Judgment look, MA May

May

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told, Like new stampt-Coin made out of Angel-gold. Such truth in Love as the antique World did know, In fuch a Stile as Courts may boast of now. Which no bold Tales of Gods or Monsters fwell, But humane Passions, such as with us dwell. Man is thy Theme, his Virtue or his Rage of a Drawn to the Life in each Elaborate Page. T Mars not Bellona are not named here; of oppilV But fuch a Gondibert as both might fear, W. 508 Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd, asiall By the bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind. Such is thy happy skill, and fuch the odds and o'T Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian Gods. 5 at Whose Deities in Vain had here come down Where mortal Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown: Such as of Flesh compos'd, by Flesh and Blood (Though not refifted) may be understood. and W. To To my worthy Friend Mr. Wase, the Translator of Gratius.

But (worthy Briend) the Facour Warden

Hus by the Musick we may know When Noble Wits a Hunting go Through Groves that on Parnassus grow, blood? The Muses all the Chase adorn, My Friend on Pegasus is Born, And Young Apollo winds the Horn. ni siaw not. Having old Gratius in the Wind, WastellahnA No pack of Criticks e're could find Or he know more of his own Mind. of brief brief Here Huntimen with delight may Read bloods How to chuse Dogs for scent or speed, of list of And how to change or mend the Breed. What Arms to use, or Nets to Frame, Wild Beafts to Combat or to Tame, With all the Mysteries of that Game.

But (worthy Friend) the Face of War In Ancient times doth differ far From what our Fiery Battles are.

Nor is it like (fince Powder known)

That Man fo Cruel to his own,

Should spare the Race of Beafts alone,

No quarter now but with the Gun,

Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,

And all is in a Moment done.

And therefore we expect your next

Should be no Comment, but a Text,

To tell how Modern Beafts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the Age
With somewhat of your proper Rage.

Since

Or in more Languages can show

Those Arts which you so early know.

To the King, upon his Majesties happy return.

HErising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the Clouds, then shews his Globe
(of Light

At fuch a distance from our Eyes, as though He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But your full MAJESTT at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of Your Reign, Your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in Clouds of adverse Fate,
With such a Floud of Light invade our Eyes,
And our spread Hearts with so great Joy surprize,
That, if Your Grace incline that we should Live,
You must not (SIR) too hastily forgive.

Princes

172 . snoit O E M Snoqu

Our Guilt preserves us from the excels of Joy, 112 Which scatters Spirits, and would Life destroy

Those Arts which you to early knows the wrote

All are Obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting Hester does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Seal
Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like Blind Polipheme, of late 12. In a wild Rage became the Scorn and Hate 12. In a wild Rage be

Princes, that faw you, different Passions prove, of For now they dread the Object of their Love; 12 Nor without envy can behold His height and it off Whose Conversation was their late delight, doidW So Semele contented with the Rape vio solaid T Of Fove disguised in a Mortal Shape. When he beheld his Hands with Lightning fill'd, And his bright Rays, was with amazement Kill'd. And though it be our Sorrow and our Crime To have accepted Life fo long a time of and sed T Without you here, yet does this absence gainwoll No finall Advantage to your present Reign: YO For, having view'd the Persons and the Things, The Councils, State and Strength of Europe's Kings, You know your Work; Ambition to restrain, And fet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main? We have you know with ruling Wisdom fraughts Not fuch as Books, but fuch as Practice Taught

Brenk

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,

Is the whole Night, for our concern imploy'd:

He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,

Which from temotest Regions hither comes.

This feat of yours, from th' other World remov'd,
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your Power and Skill
Make the World's motion wait upon your Will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first English Born,
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn.
How has your Patience, with the barbarous Rage
Of Your own Soil, contended half an Age?
Till (Your try'd Virtue, and Your sacred Word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their greatSov'reign, and redrest hiswrong.
When straight the People, by no Force compell'd,
Nor longer from their Inclination held,

Break forth at once, like Powder fet on Fire,
And with a Noble Rage their KING require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some Acres, Avarice did sorce,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to Ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their Sin:
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then such Praise the Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian Knot;
What Glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravell'd int'rests, has the Knot unty'd,

T76 POEMS

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where Crast and Malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all

To his high Hand, which threw the untoucht

Of self-demolisht Jerico so low: (Wall

His Angel 'twas that did before you go,

Tam'd Savage Hearts, and made Affections yield,

Like Ears of Corn when Wind salutes the Field.

Thus Patience Crown'd: Like Job's, Your (Trouble ends,

Having your Foes to Pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were fo firm a Rock,
What private Virtue could endure the Shock?
Like your great Master, you the Storm withstood,
And pitied those who Love with Frailty shew'd.
Rude Indians torturing all the Royal Race
Him with the Throne and dear bought Scepter
Grace,
That

That fuffers best: What Region could be found, Where your heroick Headhad not been Crown'd?

Sliepherds is scuroly keer

The next experience of your mighty Mind,
Is, how You combat Fortune now she's kind;
And this way too, You are Victorious found
She Flatters with the same success she Frown'd;
While to your Self severe, to others kind,
With Power unbounded, and a Will confin'd,
Of this vast Empire You possess the care,
The softer parts falls to the Peoples share:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that banisht Train,
Justice and Truth, with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie Life
Once more shall Flourish without Fraud or Strife.

Your

178 POEMS

Your Reign no less assures the Ploughman's Peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his encrease;
And does the Shepherds as securely keep
From all their Fears, as they preserve their Sheep.
But above all, the Muse inspired Train
Triumph, and raise their drooping Heads again;

Their facred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

Kind Heaven at once has in your Person fent

Nec mages expressivultus per anea signa Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum Clarorum apparent—

To my Lady Morton on New-years-day, 1650, at the Louvre in Paris.

Madam,

Welcome from you, to whom they are so Still as they pass, they Court and Smile on you, And make your Beauty as themselves seem new:

This

To the fair Villars we Dalkith prefer, And fairest Morton now as much to her: So like the Sun's advance your Titles show, Which, as he rifes, does the Warmer grow. But thus to Style you Fair, your Sexes Praise, Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bays: From Armed Foes to bring a Royal prize, Shews your brave Heart Victorious, as your Eyes: If Judeth marching with the General's Head, Can give us Passion when her Story's read, What may the Living do which brought away Though a less Bloudy, yet a Nobler Prey? Who from our Flaming Troy, with a bold Hand Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand, A brand preserv'd to Warm some Princes Heart, And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's part So Venus from prevailing Greeks did Shrowd The hope of Rome, and fav'd him in a Cloud;

N 2

This gallant Act may cancel all our Rage, Begin a better, and absolve this Age. Dark Shades become the Portraict of our time, Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime. Let him that draws it hide the rest in Night, This Portion only may endure the Light, (Shape Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape, When through the Guards, the River and the Sea. Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way-As the brave Eagle does with Sorrow fee The Forest wasted and that losty Tree Which holds her Nest about to be o'erthrown, Before the Feathers of her Young are grown, She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay. But bears them boldly on her Wings away; So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore Her Princely burthen to the Gallick Shoar.

Born in the Storms of War, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like Lightning in Tempestuous Air,
Though now she Flies her Native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British Throne,
Where Peace shall Smile, and no dispute Arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

Trange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one Place,
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Faces

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes.
In Chloris's Fancy such mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

Her Servants have a Task too Hard,
The Tyrant has a double Guard.
Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve
May boldly Creep, we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave:
Contented in that Nest of Snow
He lies, as he his Bliss did know,
And to the Wood no more would go.
Take heed, (Fair Eve) you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake,
A Marble one so warm'd would speak.

To his worthy Friend Master E'velyn, upon his Translation of Lucretius.

In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their Course
Without Design, or Fate, or Force.

In English Verse Lacretius sings As if with Pegafean Wings, He foar'd beyond our outmost Sphere, And other Worlds discovered there; His boundless and unruly Wit To Nature does no bounds permit; But boldly has remov'd those Bars, Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars, By which she was before suppos'd By moderate Wits to be enclos'd Till his free Muse threw down the Pale, And did at once dispark them all. So vast this Argument did feem That the great Author did esteem The Roman Language, which was spread O're the whole World in Triumph led Too Weak, too Narrow to unfold The Wonders which he would have told,

This speaks thy Glory, Noble Friend, And British Language does commend; For here Lucretius whole we find, His Words, his Mufick, and his Mind, Thy Art has to our Country brought All that he' Writ, and all he Thought. Ovid Translated, Virgil too Shew'd long fince what our Tongue could do; Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd, Only Lucretius was too hard. Lucretius, like a Fort did Rand Untoucht, till your Victorious Hand Did from his Head this Garland bear, Which now upon your own you wear: A Garland made of fuch new Bays, And fought in fuch untrodden ways, As no Man's Temples e'er did Crown. Save this fam'd Author's and your own.

Part of the 4th Book of Virgil Translated, beginning

____Talesque miserima fletus

Fertque refertque soror-

And ending with,

Adnixi torquent spumas & carula verrunt.

A LL this her Weeping Sifter does repeat
To the Stern Man, whom nothing could
(intreat-

Lost were her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears
Fate and great Jove had stop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud Winds awell-grown Oakwould rend
Up by the Roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boisterous sound
Scatters his leaves, and strows them on the Ground
He sixed stands, as deep his Root doth lie,
Down to the Centre, as his Top is high.
No less on every side the Hero prest,
Feels Love and Pity shake his Noble Brest,

And down his Cheeks though fruitless Tears do Unmov'd remains the purpose of his Soul. (roul. Then Dido urged with approaching Fate Begins the Light of cruel Heaven to hate; Her resolution to dispatch and Die Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy. The Water consecrate for Sacrifice, Appears all Black to her amaz'd Eyes, The Wine to putrid Blood converted Flows. Which from her, none, not her own Sifter knows. Besides, there stood as sacred to her Lord A Marble Temple which she much ador'd. With Snowy Fleeces and fresh Garlands Crown'd, Hence every Night proceeds a dreadful found. Her Husband's Voice invites her to his Tomb, And difmal Owls prefage the Ills to come. Besides, the Prophesies of Wizards old Increase her Terror and her Fall foretold.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and Deserted to her self she seems,
And finds Eneas cruel in her Dreams.

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears, And Furies Howl in his diftemper'd Ears. Orestes so with like Distraction Tost. Is made to Fly his Mothers angry Ghoft. Now Grief and Fury at their height arrive, Death she Decrees, and thus does it contrive. Her grieved Sifter with a chearful Grace, (Hope well-diffembled shining in her Face) She thus deceives. (Dear Sifter) let us prove The Cure I have invented for my Love. Beyond the Land of Athiopia lies The place where Atlas does support the Skies; Hence came an old Magician that did keep Th' Hesperian Fruit, and made the Dragon Sleep Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve. And where the lifts, makes calmeft Minds togrieve. The

The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop, And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.

Witness ye Gods, and thou my dearest part, How loath I am to tempt this Guilty Art. Erect a Pile, and on it let us place That Bed where I my Ruin did Embrace. With all the reliques of our Impious Guest, Arms, Spoils, and Prefents, let the Pile be dreft, (The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we May raize the Man out of our Memory; Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal End For which she doth those facred Rites pretend. Nor worse effects of Grief her Sifter thought Would follow, than Sychaus Murder wrought, Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie (round; Hung all with Wreaths and Flowry Garlands So by her felf was her own Funeral Crown'd.

Upon

Upon the top, the Trojan's Image lies, And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she Dies. They by the Altar stand, while with loofe Hair The Magick Prophetess begins her Prayer, On Chao's, Erebus, and all the Gods, Which in th' infernal Shades have their abodes, She loudly calls, befprinkling all the Room With drops suppos'd from Lethes Lake to come. She feeks the Knot which on the Forehead grows Of new-foal'd Colts, and Herbs by Moonlight A Cake of Leaven in her Pious Hands (Mows.) Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands, One tender Foot was bare, the other shod, Her Robe ungirt, invoking every God, And every Power, if any be above Which takes regard of Ill-requited Love. Now was the time when weary Mortals steep Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep.

On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell, A Death-like quiet, and deep filence fell, But not on Dido, whose untamed Mind Refus'd to be by facred Night confin'd: A double Paffion in her Breaft does move Love and fierce Anger for neglected Love. Thus fhe afflicts her Soul, What shall I do? With Fate inverted shall I humbly wooe? And some proud Prince in wild Numidia Born. Pray to accept me, and forget my fcorn? Or shall I, with the ungrateful Trojan go, Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe? Is not enough by fad experience known, The perjur'd Race of false Laomedon? With my Sydonians shall I give them Chase? Bands hardly forced from their Native place! No, Die, and let this Sword thy Fury Tame, Nought but thy bloud can quench this guiltyflame. Ah Sister! Vanquisht with my Passion thou
Betrayd'st me first, dispensing with my Vow.
Had I been constant to Sycheus still,
And single-liv'd, I had not known this Ill.

Such thoughts Torments the Queens inraged While the Dardanian does securely rest (Breast, In his tall Ship for fudden Flight prepar'd, 'To whom once more the Son of Jove appear'd; Thus feems to speak the Youthful Deity, Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like Mercury. Fair Venus-feed! Canst thou indulge thy Sleep? Nor better Guard in such great danger keep, Mad by neglect to lose so fair a Wind? If here thy Ships the Purple Morning find, Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbor shine With a new Fleet, and Fire, to Ruin thine; She meditates Revenge resolv'd to Dye, Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her Fury Fly.

This

This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.

Amaz'd Aneas with the warning Fir'd, Shakes off dull Sleep, and rouzing up his Men, Behold! The Gods command our Flight agen; Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread, What God soe'er that thus vouchsafft to lead, We follow gladly, and thy Will obey, Affift us still smoothing our happy Way, And make the rest propitious. With that Word He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword; Through all the Navy doth like Ardor Reign, They quit the Shore, and rush into the Main; Plac't on their Banks, the lusty Trojans sweep Neptune's smooth Face, and cleave the yielding enistration Land hot with long of the (deep.

Water con More, in 1 Tille, for its incline

and to this or at the sile countries.

Weigh Aciefion, quickly, and had Fury To

Of a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.

And knowing well that Empire must decline

Made the Sun shine on half the World in

While she bid War to all that durst supply

The place of those her Cruelty made Dye.

Of Nature's bounty Men forbore to Tast,

And the best Portion of the Earth lay wast.

From the new World her Silver and her Gold

Came, like a Tempest, to confound the Old.

Feeding with these the brib'd Elector's hopes,

Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes;

With these accomplishing her vast designs,

Europe was shaken with her Indian Mines.

When Britain looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of Spain,

LOA

And

Lon A

And knowing well that Empire must decline, Whose chief support and sinews are of Coin; Our Nations folid Virtue did oppose, To the rich troublers of the Worlds repose. And now fome Months Incamping of the Main, Our Naval Army had belieged Spain. They that the whole Worlds Monarchy design?d. Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd, From whence our Red-cross they Triumphant fee, Riding without a Rival on the Sea Thought bank Others may use the Ocean as their Road, Only the English make it their abode, solil some Whose ready Sails, with every Wind can Fly, And make a Cov'nant with th' unconstant Sky; Our Oaks fecure, as if they there took Root, We tread on Billows with a fleady Foot. Mean while the Spaniards in America

Mean while the Spaniards in America.

Near to the Line the Sun approaching faw,

And

And hop'd their European Coasts to find Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal Wind:
Their huge capacious Galleons stuft with Plate
The lab'ring Winds drive flowly to ards their fate:

Before St. Lucar they their Guns discharge,
To tell their Joy, or to invite a Barge;
This heard some Ships of ours (though out of view)
And swift as Eagles to the Quarry Flew:

So heedless Lambs which for their Mothers bleat;
Wake hungry Lions, and become their Meat.

Arriv'd, they foon begin that Tragick Play,
And with their smoaky Cannons banish Day;
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,
And in their sable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets Fly,
And of one Wound hundreds together Die:
Born under different Stars one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.

Bold were the Men which on the Ocean first A Spread their new Sails, when Shipwrack was the More danger now from Man alone we find (worlt; Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind; They that had Sail'd from near th' Antartick Pole, Their Treasure safe, and all their Vessels whole, In fight of their dear Country ruin'd be Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea. What they would spare, our fiercer Art dekroys, Surpasfing Storms in Terror and in Noise; AlaW Once fove from Ida, did both Hofts furvey, And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray HereHeaven invain that kind retreatshou'dsound, The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd. Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent With their Rich Lading, to the bottom went, Down finks at once (fo Fortune with us fports) The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts. Vain

Vain Man! whose Rage buries as low that store As Avarice had dig'd for it before; What Earth in her dark Bowels could not keep From greedy Hands lies fafer in the Deep. Where Thetis kindly does from Mortals hide Those Seeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride. And now into her Lap the richest Prize Fell with the Noblest of our Enemies, words HA The Marquis glad to fee the Fire destroy Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy. Out from his Flaming Ship his Children fent To perish in a milder Element fuld as dely shall Then laid him by his burning Ladies fide, and had And fince he could not fave her, with her Dy'd. Spices and Gums about them melting fry, And Phanix-like, in that rich Nest they Die; Alive in Flames of equal Love they burn'd, And now together are to Ashes turn'd;

0, 3

Afhes

Ashes more worth than all their Funeral coff, (lost Than the huge Treasure which was with them Thefel Dwing Lovers, and their Floating Sons V Suspend the Fight, and filence all dur Guns: mon Beauty and Youth about to periff finds Such noble pity in brave English Minds, of alor T That the rich spoil forgot, their Valors Prize All labour nowito fave their Enemies. de daw Hold How frail our Paffions! How foon changed are Our Wrath and Fury to a Friendly Care? dalso W They that but now for Honour and for Plate 1 300 Made the Sea blush with Bloud, refign their bate. And their young Foes endeaviring to retrieve of T With greater hazard than they fought, they dive. A

Spices and Gums about them melting fry,

And Phanix-like, in that rich Neff they Die;

Adassig Ismes of equal Love they burn'd,

And now together are to Alfres turn'd,

A

Epitaph To be written under the Latine Inscription upon the Tomb of the Only Son of the Lord Andover.

His early Virtues to char ancient Stockool

IS fit the English Reader should be told
In our own Language what this Tomb

(do's hold:

Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lie
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents Pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made Moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding, to have show'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Row!

Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul,

That matchiefs Beauty & Os remains

His early Virtues to that ancient Stock

Give as much Honour, as from thence he took.

Like Buds appearing e'er the Frosts are past,

To become Man he made such fatal hast,

And to perfection labor'd so to Climb,

Preventing slow Experience and Time,

That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd;

He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

To the Queen, upon Her Majesties Birthday, after Her Happy Recovery from a Dangerous Sickness.

THE STORAGE CON COLUMN

Arewel the Year, which threatned for The fairest Light the World can show; I Welcome the New, whose every day game and Restoring what was snatch'd away of too bad eW By pining Sickness from the Fair, and b'analysis of That matchless Beauty does repair.

But

So fast, that the approaching Spring, washaul Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring Wanted What the rude Winter from them tore, de lie and Shall give her all the had before, to dentified on I But we recover not fo fast your reven and set set self The Sence of fuch a danger paft; benix your od We that efteem'd You fent from Heav'n, Tall A Pattern to this Island giv?n. Is not a barre orold To shew us what the Bless'd do there, in To I And what alive they practis'd here When that which we Immortal thought, We faw fo near Destruction brought, while I Felt all which you did then endure And tremble yet, as not fecure; So though the Sun Victorious be, War and Dan C And from a dark Eclipse set free, The Influence which we fondly fear, Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year: Infiructions

But that which may Relieve our Care, Ala oc Is that You have a Help to near Tors'ob will W. For all the Evilyou camprove, W. shun addand W. The kindness of Your Royal Love and avia links. He that was never known to Mourn, open, avraus So many Kingdom's from him Torn assessed T His Tears referved for You, more dear, said a W More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were and A For when no healing Art prevailed, were o'T When Cordials and Elikins fail'dla avilated whith On your pale Check he dropt the Show'd, ned W Reviv'd you like a Dying Flow't. rean of well o'V Felt all which you did then endure Nunc itaque & verfus & catera ludicra pono. In A Quid verum, at que desens, curo, de rogo, de amnis in

> . coul sod a dark Edipte fet free, The Influence which we fondly fear,

Affiles our Thoughesthe following Year: Instructions

Put

Vaithouting Armies both prepared to meets, Reign Draw the whole world, expecting who should

Hore place the British there the Holland Bleet,

An Andrew of Concern'd and an unuful star.

Declare the Important of 187 pproaching Walk

Drawing of the Posture and Progress of His Majesties Forces at Sea, under the Command of His

The valiant Dake, whole only Decis abroad, Such Rasels Royals Royals Highness Highness Royals Royals

His bright Sword on the Together with the draws.

Battel and Victory obtain'd over the

The neithe who e New by tha He o led

Resolved to Cong 2001 resignif Die

The greater World, and this of ours is feen:

Preventing

Here

Here place the British, there the Holland Fleet,
Vastfloating Armies both prepar'd to meet: (Reign
Draw the whole World, expecting who should
After this Combat, o'er the conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star,
Declare th' Importance of the approaching War:

Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The English Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whose early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in Conduct show'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'rest draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cause.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage spread Through the whole Navy, by that Hero led; Make all appear, where such a Prince is by, Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glovious Mind

Make the ProudSails well, more than with the wind

Preventing

Preventing Cannon, make his louder Fame of Check the Batavians, and their Fury Tame ! A So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their Prey, Stop, when they find a Lion in their way. Make him bestride the Ocean, and Mankind Ask his confent, to use the Sea and Wind: While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel stand, He grasps the Indies in his Armed Hand. Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away Th'excuse of Holland for their Navies stay; Make them look Pale, and the bold Prince to fhun, Through the cold North, and Rocky Regions run. To find the Coast where Morning first appears, By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers, Confessing now, He dreads the English more, Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore; While from our Arms fecurity to find, They Fly fo far, they leave the Day behind, Describe

Describe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants lest a Wealthy Prey;
Our first success in Wat, make Batchus Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:
The Datch their Wine, and all their Brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows,
While the glad English, to relieve their Toil,
In Healths to their great Leader Drink the spoil:

His high Command to Africk's Coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend:
Those barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give;
Deserted by the Dutch, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great buliness do;
False Friends chastise, and common Foesrestrain,
Which worse than Tempests did insest the Main,
Within those Streights make Holland's Smirna Fleet
With a small Squadron of the English meet;
Like

Like Falcons these, those like a numerous Flock

Of Fowl, which scatter to avoid the Shock

There paint Confusion in a various shape

Some sink, some yield, and Flying some escape:

Europe and Africa from either Shore

Spectators are, and hear our Cannon Roar;

While the divided World, in this agree, will all

Menthat Fight so, describe to Rule the Scalar

But nearer home, thy Pensil use once more, and And place our Navy by the Holland Shore paint.

The World they compassed while they sought with But here already they resign the Main: (Spain,

Those greedy Mariners, out of whose way, and Diffusive Nature could no Region lay, a glad had At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempers lie, Compel'd, like others, in their Beds to Die;

Their single Towns th' Iberian Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,

Dolest

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208

And in a Month Ruin their Traffique more, Than that long War could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie? The Watry Wilderness yields no supply; all smo? Spreading our Sails, to Harwich we refort, And meet the Beauties of the Brittifb Court, Th' Illustrious Dutchess, and her Glorious Train, Like Theris with her Nymphs adorn the Main; The gazing Sea-gods, fince the Paphian Queen Sprung from among them, no fuch fight had feen, Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop to Fair, Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare. Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to Bring, And help the Nation where fuch Beauties fpring: The Soldier here his wasted store supplies, and A And takes new Valor from the Ladies Eyes: Mean while like Bees when Stormy Winter's gone, The Dutch (as if the Sea were all their own)

BnA

Defert

Defert their Ports, and falling in their Way Our Hamburgh Merchants are become their Prey: Thus Flourish they, before th' approaching Fight, Asdying Tapers give a blazing Light. (goes,

To check their Pride; our Fleet half Victual'd Enough to ferve us till we reach our Foes, Who now appear so numerous and bold, The Action worthy of our Arms we hold; A greater Force than that which here we find, Ne'er preis'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind. Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night, Th'impatient English scarce attend the Light.

But now the Morning, Heav'n feverely clear, To the fierce Worlf Indulgent does appear; And Phabus lifts above the Waves his Light, That he might see, and thus record the Fight: As when loud Winds from different quarters rush, Vast Clouds incountring, one another Crush,

With swelling, Sails, so from their several Coasts, Join the Batavian and the Brittish Hoasts.

For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The Roman Fleets at Actium did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New:

At the first shock with Blood and Powder (stain'd,

Nor Heaven, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Visage change:

Where burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply And no Light shines, but that by which Men Die. There TORK, appears, so Prodigal is he Of Royal Blood as Ancient as the Sea, Which down to Him so many Ages told, (roll'd Has through the Veins of Mighty Monarchs

The great Achilles march'd not to the Field,

Till Vulcan that impenetrable Shield. And

And Arms had wrought, yet there no Bullets flew, But Shafts and Darts, which the weak Phrygians (threw.

Our bolder Hero on the Deck does stand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Desensive Arms laid by, as useless here,
Where Massie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do
(Tear;

Some Power unseen those Princes do's protect,
Who for their Country thus themselves neglect.

Against Him first Opdam his Squadrons leads, Proud of his late Success against the Swedes, Made by that Action, and his high Command, Worthy to perish by a Prince's Hand:

The tall Batavian in a vast Ship Rides,

Bearing an Army in her hollow Sides,

Yet not inclin'd the English Ship to Board,

More on his Guns relies, than on his Sword,

SHI

From

mort

From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,

It mis'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it

(griev'd;

Three worthy Persons from His side it Tore, And dy'd His Garment with their scatter'd Gore.

Happy! To whom this glorious Death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand Lives!
On such a Theatre, as this, to Die,
For such a Cause, and such a Witness by!
Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?

The rest about Him struck with horror stood,

To see their Leader cover'd o'er with Blood;

So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains w

Ofhis Sons Coat had issued from his Veins:

He feels no Wound, but in his troubled (thought,

Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,

His

His Friends in pieces Torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with his own Eyeshe views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their
(Truth.

The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives.

He Storms and Shoots; but Flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too flow;
They miss, or sweep but common Souls away,
For such a Loss, Opdam his Life must pay:
Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With sierce intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is
His WingedVessel like an Eagle shows, warm:
When through the Clouds to truss a Swan she

(goes;

The

The Belgian Ship unmov'd, like some huge Rock:
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the Shock:

From both the Fleets Mens Eyes are bent this
Neglecting all the Business of the Day, (way,
Bullets their Flight, and Guns their noise suspend,
The silent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which Leader shall the doubtful Vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the Wars success;
When Heav'n it self for England to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;

Their new Commander from his Charge is toft.

Which that young Prince had so unjustly lost, and
Whose great Progenitors with better Fate,

And better Conduct sway'd their Infant State.

His Flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aspiring Belgian.

But sell like Phaeton with Thunder strook, (took,

From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,

That durst attempt the British Admiral:

From

From her Broad-fides, a ruder Flame is thrown. Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun; That bears the radiant Enfign of the Day, And she the Flag that Governs in the Sea. (vent The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire should thus pre-The work which for His brighterSword he meant, Anger still burning in His valiant Breast, Goes to compleat Revenge upon the rest; So on the guardless Herd their Keeper Slain, Rushes a Tyger in the Lybian Plain. The Dutch accustom'd to the raging Sea, And in black Storms the Frowns of Heav'n to fee, Never met Tempest which more urg'd their fears, Than that which in the Prince His look appears; Fierce, Goodly, Young, Mars he resembles, when Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious Men, Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid, Both those that Led, and those that gave them Aid;

Where He gives on, disposing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cause so well,
He shakes the Throne to which He does appeal?

The Sea with spoils His angry Bullets strow, Widows and Orphans making as they go; Before His Ship, fragments of Vessels torn, Flags, Arms, and Belgian Carcasses are Born, And his desparing Foes to Flight inclin'd, Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind: So the rude Boreas where he lifts to Blow, Makes Clouds above, and Billows Fly below, Beating the Shoar, and with a boifterous Rage Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage: The Dutch elsewhere, did thro'the Watry Field Perform enough to have made others yield; But English Courage growing as they Fight, In Danger, Noise, and Slaughter takes delight; Their

Their Bloody Task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory:

Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn, Like Show'rs of Hail from either fide are Born. So high the Rage of Wretched Mortals goes, Hurling their Mothers Bowels at their Foes, Ingenious to their Ruin, every Age Improves the Arts, and Instruments of Rage; Death hast'ning ills Nature enough has fent, And yet Men still a thousand more invent. But Bacchus now which led the Belgians on. So fierce at first, to favour us begun; Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at length Render them useless, and betray their strength: So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers. Revive, and raise themselves with moderate (Showers; But

But overcharg'd with never-ceasing Rain,
Become too moist, and bend their Heads again:
Their recling Ships on one another fall,
Without a Foc enough to Ruin all:
Of this Disorder, and the favouring Wind,
The watchful English such advantage sind,
Ships fraught with Fire among the heap they

And up the so intanged Belgians blow;

The Flame invades the Powder-Rooms, and then
Their Guns shoot Bullets, and their Vessels Men;
The scorcht Batavians on the Billows Float,
Sent from their own to pass in Charan's Boat.

is andy and Wine their wonted Friends, at length

And now our Royal Admiral, Success
With all the marks of Victory does bless;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the Slain,
Proclaim his Triumph o'er the conquer'd Main:
Nearer

Nearer to Holland as their hafty Flight
Carries the Noise and Tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, Forerunner of His Fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:
The Brittish Thunder does their Houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every Door to knock;

His dreadful Streamer like a Comet's Hair
Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,
Makes them deplore their scatter'd Fleet as lost,
And sear our present Landing on their Coast.

(behold)

Allow Aur Tile on comments the Deals

The trembling Dutch the approaching Prince
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold;
Those Piles which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak His Fury to restrain:
What Wonders may not English Valor Work,
Led by th' Example of Victorious TORK?

Ages

Or what Defence against Him can they make,

Who at such distance does their Country shake?

His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'erthrow,

And let in both the Ocean and the Foe

The British Thunder does their Houses rock,

Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the Deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Those Arms which freed them from the Spanish
(Yoke)

Painter, excuse me if I have a while

Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;

For though you draw Arm'd Heroes as they sit,

The task in Battle does the Muses sit;

They in the dark consusion of a Fight

Discover all, instruct us how to Write,

And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,

Hid in the Smoak and Tumult of the Field.

Ages

Ages to come shall know that Leaders Toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muses smile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil Trace
And this Relation with thy Colours Grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above them set;
Like Young Augustus let His Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea, (thrown,
Where Egypt's Queen, and Eastern Kings o'erMade the Possession of the World His own.

Joye has his Thunder, and Your Navy You.

Last draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treasure to supply His Fleet;
They Vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Present to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and His Countries Love.

Hora &

And this Great BOHT WOT that Make Smile

Their Distracts here tends, family and Trace. And the selation of the College Grace.

bash) a draw the Parliament, she Mobles men.

Supreme Commander both of Sea and Land:
Those which Inhabit the Celestial Bower,
Painters express with Emblems of their Pow'r;
His Club Abeides, Phaebus has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and Your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps you Waking, to secure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increase;
You for these Ends whole days in Council sit,
And the Diversions of Your Youth forget.

Small

Small were the worth of Valor and of Force, If Your high Wisdom govern'd not their Course; You as the Soul, as the first Mover You Vigor and Life on every Part bestow, How to build Ships, and dreadful Ord'nance cast, Instruct the Artists, and reward their Hast: So Youe himself, when Typhon Heav'n does brave. Descends to visit Vulcan's smoaky Cave, Teaching the Brawny Cyclops how to Frame His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame. Had the old Greeks discover'd Your abode, on W Crete had not been the Cradle of their God, On that small Island they had look'd with scorn, And in Great Britain thought the Thunder born.

But the Proplets imprise Face No.

When Nobler Pont if the flish field date and

Porwhy Proplet supplement and work

Of Divine Contested and the hamp for the

11

C. A.

TOA

Friend of the AUTHOR'S,

A Person of HONOUR:

Supposed to be the Lord Berkley of Berkley.

OT

Who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled, Historical Applications, and occasional Meditations upon several Subjects.

B OLD is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety, in such an Age.

Who can presume to find a Guard

From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?

Divines are Pardon'd, they defend

Altars on which their Lives depend:

But the Prophane impatient are

When Nobler Pens make this their care.

For why should these let in a Beam Of Divine Light to trouble them;

And

And call in doubt their pleafing Thought,

That none believes what we are Taught?

High Birth and Fortune warrant give,

That fuch Men Write what they believe;

And feeling first what they Indite,

New Credit give to Ancient Light.

Amongst these sew our Author brings

His well known Pedigree from Kings.

This Book, the Image of his Mind,

Will make his Name not hard to find.

I wish the Throng of Great and Good

Made it less eas'ly understood.

To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then newly fet a Song of mine in the Year 1653.

But you can Life to Verses give:

As when in open Air we blow;

The Breath (though strain'd) founds flat and low;

Q

But

But if a Trumpet take the blaft, idnob and but A It lifts it high, and makes it laft: So in your Ayrs our Numbers dreft maintain rigit! Make a shrill Sally from the Breast and double and I Of Nymphs, who Singing what we Pen'd, Our Passions to themselves commend, 1000 Vol While Love Victorious with thy Art Governs at once their Voice and Heart; You by the help of Tune and Time, Can make that Song which was but Rhime. Noy pleading no Man doubts the Caufe, Or questions Verses set by LAWS. Asa Church-window thick with Paint, Lets in a Light but dim and faint; So others with Division hide The light of Sence, may Poets pride, But you alone may truly boaft That not a Syllable is lost; The Breetli (changle)

The

The Writers and the Setter's skill stanfano At once the Ravishe Ears do filld of one shrift aA Let those which only warble long, we district the And Gargle in their Throats a Song. oil soulT. Contents themselves with UT, RE, MI, Let Words and Sence be fet by thee.

Upon Her Majesties New Buildings Somerfet-Houfe.

Reat Queen, that does our Island bless, With Princes and with Palaces; Treated fo ill, Chas'd from your Throne, Returning, you adorn the Town, And with a brave Revenge do show, Their Glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone Your Houses in that Storm o'rethrown Those Wounds which Civil Rage did give, At once you Pardon and Relieve : 18000 a month

-no Doth Employ, and Och the Poor:

Constant to England in your Love,

As Birds are to their wonted Grove,

Though by rude Hands their Nests are spoil'd,

There, the next Spring again they build:

Contents themselves with UT, R.F. Mi,

With Princes and with Palaces

Accusing some Malignant Star,

Not Britain, for that fatal War,

Your Kindness banishes your Fear,

Resolv'd to six for ever here.

But what new Mine this Work supplies?

Can such a Pile from Ruin rise?

This like the first Creation shows,

As if at your Command it rose;

While Peace from honce, and you were gone

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Those differing Virtues meet in you;
From a confin'd well-manag'd Store way to hear.
You both Employ, and Feed the Peor:
Let

Let Foreign Princes vainly boaft

The rude effects of Pride and Coft,

Of vafter Fabriques to which They

Contribute nothing, but the Pay:

This, by the Queen her felf defign'd,

Gives us a Pattern ofher Mind;

The State and Order does Proclaim

The Genius of that Royal Dame,

Each part with just proportion Grac'd,

And all to fuch advantage plac'd, built of ni bull

That the fair view her Window yields,

The Town, the River, and the Fields

Entring, Beneath us we descry, days tonnes the C

And wonder how we came so high;

She needs no weary Steps afcend,

All feems before her Feet to bend,

And here, as She was Born, She lies

High, without taking pains to rife.

D.D.C. F. ETS

On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after he was Dead.

(won) but e nothing but the Pay:

A Sgather'd Flowers, whilst their Wounds are Look gay and fresh, as on the Stalk they

......

Torn from the Root that Nourisht them a while,
Not taking notice of their Face, they Smile.
And in the Hand, which rudely pluckt them, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow;
So Love and Beauty still that Visage Grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place;
Alive the Hand of Crooked Age had Marr'd

Those lovely Peatures, which cold Death has

.braql) before her Feet to bend,

And here, as She was Born, Sto ned but The rest is fold if the edit. High, without taking pains to rife, fold if the edit

Epigram

Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

UR Guard upon the Royal fide, On the Reverse, Our Beauty's pride Here we discern, the Frown and Smile, The Force and Glory of Our Isle; In the rich Medal both so like Immortals fland, it feems Antique, and world W Carv'd by fome Mafter, when the bold Greeks made their Jove descend in Gold, And Danae wond'ring at that Show'r, Which falling, Storm'd her Brazen Tow'r; Britannia there, the Fort in Vain Had batter'd been with Golden Rain; Thunder it felf had fail'd to pass, Virtue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

out Refored Q4

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Air Hand that can on Virgin-paper Write, Yet from the stain of Ink preserve it White, Whose Travel o'er that Silver Field does show, Like track of Leveretts in Morning Snow; Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought, Without a spot or blemish to the thought; Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil Without the help of Colours, or of Oil; For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can , saken Gilling, Segen'd her Brazen Tow'r; Tis you alone can make them bend and shake, Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move; Orphem could make the Forest Dance, but you Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many Years bad been lost.

All they subdue become their Spies:

Secrets, as choicest Jewels are
Presented to oblige the Fair,
No wonder then, that a lost Thought
Should there be found, where Souls are caught.

The Picture of fair Venus, That, design of the For which, Men fay, the Goddess fate, and the Was lost, till Lilly from your Look, when he had a Again that Glorious Image took;

If Virtue's felf were loft, we might do not a From your fair Mind new Copies Write:

All things, but one, you can reftore,

The Heart you get returns no more, and add the second second

Which

*117

The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in the Dark.

Arkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
Defends us Ill from Mira's Charms;

Mira can lay her Beauty by,

Take no advantage of the Eye,

Quit all that Lilly's Art can take,

And yet a thousand Captives make;

Her Speech is grac't with fweeter Sound,

Than in another's Song is found,

And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts, of as W

Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.

As the bright Stars and Milky way,

Show'd by the Night, are hid by Day ;

So we in that accomplish Mind,

Help by the Night, new Graces find,

Which

Which by the splendor of her view as assault A

Dazled before we never knew; and and vame W

While we converse with her, we Mark

No want of Day, nor think it Dark; zin zalduoCl

Her shining Image is a light and war when and him

Fixt in our Hearts, and conquers Night; HedT

Like Jewels to advantage fet,

Her Beauty by the shade does get; his ow of

There, Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain, 116 14

All, that our Passion might restrain to doing all val

Is hid, and our Indulgent Mind

Presents the fair Idea kind.

Yet friended by the Night, we dare,

Only in Whispers, tell our Care;

He that on her his bold Hand lays

With Capid's pointed Arrows plays,

They, with a touch, they are so keen,

Wound us unshot, and She unseen;

236 200 POEM S 1000

All near approaches threaten Death,
We may be Shipwrackt by her Breath.

Love favour donce, with that sweet Gale,
Doubles his Haste, and fills his Sail,
Till he arrive, where she must prove

prising fewels to advantage lets

Prelones the fair Idea kind.

So we th' Arabian Coast do know,

At distance, when the Spices blow,

By the rich Odour taught to steer,

Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

Poets may boaft [as fafely-Vain]
Their Work shall with the World remain:
Both bound together, Live, or Die,
The Verses and the Prophecy.

IIA

But who can hope his Lines should long and Last in a daily changing Tongue? It quinished Tongue? While they are new, Envy prevails, and an and that dies, our Language sails.

When Architects have done their part,

The Matter may betray their Art;

Time, if we use ill-chosen Stone,

Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Verie that lasting Marble seek, and broad of the seek of the seek

Chancer his Sense can only boast,

The Glory of his Numbers lost,

Years have defac'd his matchless strain.

And yet he did not Sing in Vain;

Both

POEMS

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,

The shining Subjects of his Rage,

Hoping they should Immortal prove,

Rewarded with success his Love.

This was the generous Poet's scope,

And all an English Pen can hope

To make the Fair approve his Flame.

That can so far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill Fate,

If it arrive but at the Date

Of fading Beauty, if it prove

But as long-liv'd as present Love.

Sung by Mrs. Knight, to Here Majesty on Her Birth-day. sid to violo and

HIS happy Day two Lights are seen,

A Glorious Saint, a Matchless Queen;

The

Both

upon several Occasions.

239

Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear, The Saint above, th' Infanta here: May all those Years which Catherine The Martyr did for Heav'n refign, fignilla Be added to the Line and I begin H H Of your bleft Life amongst us here. For all the Pains that She did feel, in blow of And all the Torments of Her Wheel: 10 180 110 May You as many Pleasures share; and moy sure May Heaven it felf content of odl, the High and With Catherine the Saint will and Haril Toda & A Without appearing old itwo ship its I mo in w An hundred times may Your or which the soob of With Eyes as bright as nowns rolling a flair byoM This welcome Day behold and moveling and You make all La ope emulate her Glory: Youmake them sluth, weak News froutd defend

The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend

Serla

Both nam'd girles, both Crown'd annear,

To bis Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons upon bis Translation of the Venetian Triumph.

HE winged Lion's not so fierce in Fight As Liberi's Hand presents him to our Sight, Nor would his Pencil make him half so fierce, Or Roar so loud as Bufinello's Verse! on the bank But your Translation does all three excel, Y VEM The Fight, the Piece, and lofty Bufinel H YEAR As their small Gallies may not hold compare With our Tall Ships, whose Sails employ more Air; So does th' Italian to your Gentus Vail, orbnut ah Mov'd with a fuller and a Nobler Gale . W Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian Story, You make all Europe emulate her Glory: You make them blush, weak Venus should defend The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend

Shed

Shed Christian Blood, and populous Cities rase, Because they're taught to use some different Phrase If list'ning to your Charms we could our Jars Compose, and on the Turk discharge these Wars; Our British Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest From Pagan Hands, and Triumph o'er the East: And then you might our own high Deeds recite; And with great Tasso Celebrate the Fight.

browded by Bubi Epitaph.

Bounca Command, a Leader her berner.

Here lies Charles Candish: let the MarbleStone
That hides his Ashes, make his Virtue
(known:

Beauty and Valor did his short Life grace,
The Grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
Early abroad he did the World survey,
As if He knew he had not long to stay;

Heusel

Saw what Great Alexander in the East, And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West; Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came To find at home occasion for his Fame; Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide, And where the Juster was the weaker side. Two Loyal Brothers took their Soveraign's part, Imploy'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their The Elder did whole Regiments afford, (Art; The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword; Born to Command, a Leader he begun, And on the Rebels lafting Honour won: The Horse instructed by their General's worth, Still made the King Victorious in the North; Where Candish fought the Royalists prevail'd, Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd; The Current of his Victories found no stop, Till Cromwel came, his Parries chiefest prop; Equal Equal fuccess had set these Champions high, And both refolv'd to Conquer, or to Die: Virtue with Rage, Fury with Valor strove; But that must fall which is decreed Above. Cronewel, with odds of Number, and of Fate, Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State; Which the faid Issue of the War declar'd, And made his Task to Ruin both less hard: So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown, The boundless Torrent doth the Country drown. Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave, Strow Bays and Flowers on his honour'd Grave.

> ike the blen Oil, the William atting Pen the Trought our policy of the hold and

While forder our Beauty force your Bounty fing.

Your Manive In Nos Andread Resides tell

The Theight of Bonnide Conferent and Innertal confine,

In Your lives if are was louid a wealthy Atias

Honel December 10 thet Offennous high

Of Her Royal Highness Mother to the Prince of Orange, and of Her Portraict written by the late Dutchess of York while She lived with Her.

Removed this Bulwark of the Church and State

service of his Courteer or to the:

In Peace the Glory of the British Court,
Into whose Arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or Sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your Bounty hear,
Will think you Mistress of the Indies were:
Tho' streighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine;
Like the blest Oil, the Widow's lasting Feast,
Your Treasure, as you pour'd it out, increast.
While some your Beauty, some your Bounty sing,
Your Native Isle do's with your Praises Ring:

But

But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
Gives us your Character in fuch a strain,
As none but She, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know such Worth, or Worth describes o well:
So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do guess,
And more our Weakness than the Place express;
Some Angel, a Domestick there, comes down,
And tells the Wonders he hath seen and known.

To the Dutchess of Orleans, when She was taking Leave of the Court at Dover.

Hat Sun of Beauty did among us rife,

England first saw the Light of your fair Eyes;

In English too your early Wit was shown;

Favour that Language which was then your own,

When, though a Child, through Guards you made

(your way,

What Fleet or Army could an Angel stay?

Thrice

POEMS

446

apindT

Thrice happy Britain! If the could retain
Whom the first bred within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt London in Apparel new
Shook offher Ashes to have treated you;
But we must see our Glory snatcht away,
And with warm Tears increase the guilty Sea:
No Wind can favour us; how e'er it blows,
We must be Wreckt, and our dear Treasure lose.
Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell;
Fair, Lovely, Great, and best of Nymphs, Farewel.

Written on a Card that Her Majesty tore at Ombra.

In See all too your carle Wit was from

HE Cards you tear in Value rife,
So do the Wounded by your Eyes:
Who to Celestial things aspire
Are by that Passion rais'd the higher,

Ta

To the Dutchess, when he presented this Book To Her Royal Highness.

Madam, also have Williams to have you

\$ O & U

Here present you with the Rage, And with the Beauties of a former Age: Wishing you may with as great Pleasure view This, as we take in Gazing upon you: Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inspire, A Nobler Flame, and raise our Genius higher: While we your Wit and early Knowledge fear, To our Productions we become severe; Your matchless Beauty gives our Fancy wing; Your Judgment makes us careful how we fing. Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haft, Polisht, like Marble, shall like Marble last; And make you through as many Ages Shine, As Taffo has the Hero's of your Line:

Tho?

Tho' other Names our wary Writers use,
You are the Subject of the British Muse,
Dilating Mischief to your self unknown, (own.
Men Write, and Die, of Wounds they dare not.
So the bright Sun burns all our Grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us Day.

These Verses were writ in the Tasso of Her Royal Highness.

But in no One, durst all Perfection place:
In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her losty Meen.
Sophronia's Piety, Erminia's Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.
Our Princess here, as in a Glass, do's dress
Her well-taught Mind, and every Grace express.
More to our Wonder, than Rinaldo Fought,
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge.

THE failing Blossoms which a young Plant (bears,

Ingage our Hope for the succeeding Years:
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings
At the first Tryal to accomplish things.
Mankind was first Created an Essay,
That ruder Draught the Deluge washt away:
How many Ages past, what Blood and Toil
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle?
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to Frame
A perfect Princess e'er Her Highness came?
For Joys so great we must with Patience wait,
'Tis the set price of Happiness compleat.
As a first Fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely Boy,
The next shall Live, and be the Nation's Joy.

-May I

Translated out of Spanish.

They whom you make too Fortunate,

May with Presumption vex you more.

Of the Lady Mary, &c.

A Sonce the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A Royal Hero no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet this lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And Holland from prevailing Foes
Could so well free, himself does yield:

Not Belgia's Fleet (his high Command) Which Triumphs where the Sun does rife, Nor all the Force he leads by Land, Could Guard him from her Conquering Eyes Orange with Youth, Experience has? In Action young, in Council old: Orange is what Augustus was, Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold: On that fair Tree which bears his Name, Bloffoms and Fruit at once are found; In him we all admire the same, His flow'ry Youth with Wisdom Crown'd. Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd. In Holland are by Great Nassaw; Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild, To willing People he gives Law. Thrice Happy Pair! So near Ally'd, In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;

Now Love has you together ty'd, May none this Triple knot undo. The Church shall be the happy place, Where Streams which from the same source run, Tho' divers Lands awhile they grace, Unite again and are made one. A thousand thanks the Nation owes To him that does protect us all; For while he thus his Neece bestows, About our Isle he builds a Wall; A Wall like that which Athens had, By th' Oracles advice, of Wood: Had theirs been such as Charles has made, That mighty State till now had stood. I

Lake those he forming from, July and Mild,

To willing People Its cives Lack.

In Royal Blood, and Virtue too :-

This Happy Pair! So cean Aligh.

You

To the Servant of a Fair Lady. This Copy of Verses being omitted in some of the former Editions.

with drawlar worshing to be advect

sovered and accordance of the

AIR Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear Prove more propitious to my flighted care, Than the bright Dames we serve; for her Relief (Vext with the long expressions of my Grief) Receive these Plaints; nor will her high disdain Forbid my humble Muse to court her Train: Thy skilful Hand contributes to our Woe, And whets those Arrows which confound us fo. A thousand Cupids in those Curls do sit, Those curious Nets thy slender Fingers knit: The Graces put not more exactly on Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball she won, Than that Young Beauty by that care is dreft, When all our Youth prefers her to the rest.

bal

You the foft Season know, when best her Mind May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd; In some well-chosen hour supply his fear, Whose hopeless Love durst never tempt the Ear Ofthat Stern Goddess: You (her Priest) declare What offerings may propitiate the Fair, Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that ne're decay, Or polisht Lines which longer last than they: For if I thought fhe took delight in those, To where the chearful Morn do's first disclose; (The shady Night removing with her Beams) Wing'd with bold Love, I'de Fly to fetch fuch gems But fince her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lip excels, All that is found in Mines or Fifhes Shells; Her Nobler part as far exceeding thefe, None but Immortal gifts her Mind should please: The shining Jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd On Sparta's Queen, her lovely Neck did lode, And

And snowy Wrists; but when the Town was burn'd,
Those fading Glories were to Ashes turn'd;
Her Beauty too had perisht, and her Fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the Flame.

Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace De Arte Poetica: And of the use of Poetry.

R OME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his
(thought;

The Poet writ to Noble Piso there,

A Noble Piso do's instruct us here,

Gives us a Pattern in his flowing Style,

And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Isle;

Britain, whose Genius is in Verse exprest

Bold and Sublime, but negligently drest.

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune, Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in rune;

Buckiney move more, in long Naminers told,

Direct

Baria.

Favour his Flight, and moderate his Force.

Tho' Poets may of Inspiration boast;

Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost.

He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,

At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.

Chast mortal writing we may learn from hence;

Neglect of which no Wit can recompence;

The Fountain which from Helicon proceeds,

That sacred Stream should never Water Weeds;

Nor make the Crop of Thorns and Thistles grow,

Which Envy or perverted Nature sow,

Well founding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to insuse;
Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in losty Numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Sence, perswades.

The

The Muses Friend unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines.
Whether it be in Council or in Fight;
His Countries Honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great Acts he scatters as a Seed,
Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Here tought the sate of Werses always prized.

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd With admiration, or as much despis'd;
Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts:
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new Words, that to the Ravisht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear;
Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolisht Men their wild Retreats for sake;

6

Law giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raifing Cities with their charming Lutes:
For rudest Minds with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.
So wandring Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a sound proportion'd to their Ear
Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to sorbear the Spoil;
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers Toil,
They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the absent Sun supply.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

Unblemisht Probity and Truth:

Just unto all Relations known,

A worthy Patriot, Pious Son.

Whom

Whom Neighbouring Towns so often sent,
To give their Sence in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own,
Sober he was, Wise, Temperate;
Contented with an Old Estate,
Which no soul Avarice did increase,
Nor wanton Luxury make less.

While yet but Young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not Lemuel's Mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her Heir;
Or teach with more success her Son
The Vices of the Time to shun.

An Heiress she, while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he just Gratitude did show
To one that had oblig'd him so;

Nothing

Nothing too much for her he thought,

By whom he was so bred and taught;

So early made that Path to tread,

Which did his Youth to Honour lead.

His short Life did a Pattern give,

How Neighbours, Husbands, Friends should live.

The Virtues of a private Life

Exceed the glorious Noise and Strife

Of Battles won; in those we find

The folid Interest of Mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd fo well,

Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Of Her Majesty on New-years Day, 1683.

What Revolutions in the World have been, How are we chang'd, since we first faw the

(Queen?

She, like the Sun, do's still the same appear,
Bright as She was at her Arrival here:

Time

Time has Commission Mortals to impair, But things Celestial is oblig'd to spare. May ev'ry New-year find her still the same, In health and Beauty as She hither came: When Lords and Commons with united Voice. Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice: First of our Queens, whom not the King alone. But the whole Nation lifted to the Throne. With like consent, and like Defert was Crown'd The Glorious Prince, that do's the Turk confound. Victorious both; his conduct wins the Day, And her Example chaces Vice away. Tho' louder Fame attend the Martial Rage; 'Tis greater Glory to Reform the Age.

johns or appealing the

Luishandy Day Reace to our Illand four

Asmonythe governments Cantingut, is a

A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire, Presented to His Majesty on His Birth-Day.

(Throne,

Since JAMES the Second grac'd the British
Truce well observed has been insringed by
Christians to him their present Union owe, (none,
And late Success against the Common Foe:
While Neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their
(Fate,

Court his Affistance, and suspend their Hate. So angry Bulls-the Combat do sorbear, When from the Wood a Lyon do's appear.

This happy Day Peace to our Island sent,

As now he gives it to the Continent.

A Prince more sit for such a glorious task (ask:

Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot

He

He Great and Good, proportion'd to the Work. Their ill-drawnSwords shall turn against the Turk. Such Kings, likeStars, with influence unconfin'd Shine with Aspect propitious to Mankind; Favour the Innocent, repress the Bold, And while they flourish, make an Age of Gold. Bred in the Camp, Fam'd for his Valour Young; At Sea fuccessful, Vigorous and Strong; His Fleet, His Army, and His mighty Mind Esteem and Rev'rence through the World do find: A Prince with fuch advantages as thefe, Where he perswades not, may command a Peace; Britain declaring for the juster side, The most Ambitious will forget their Pride; They that complain will their endeavours cease, Advis'd by Him incline to present Peace; Join to the Turks destruction, and then bring All their Pretences to fo just a King.

If the fuccessful Troubles of Mankind,
With Laurel Crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the vext World less Honour yield to those
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r, which do's the Ocean aw,
Is to set bounds, and give Ambition Law.

The British Monarch shall the Glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer Slave;
That source of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.

Brod it the County Panish to his V

The banisht Muses shall no longer Mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Tho? Slaves, (like Birds that sing not in a Cage)
They lost their Genius and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and Rindars may be found,
And his great Actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast Empire do's united stand;
Christians divided under the Command
Of jarring Princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make this Int'rest one;
Peace to embrace, Ruin the common Foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Croissant low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising Sun
Be spread, and Flourish where it first begun;
And this great Day, so justly honour'd here,
Known to the East, and Celebrated there.

Hac Ego long avus cecini tibi maxime Regum:

Ausus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.

(Virgil.

wing has barry the it or a read her thing

to read that the Louisies reduction therease at

this Love in our Memory, and

ONE NED

Lowe were Onever ally Embras d.

O Fo to di Tinhezo

Divine Love.

Six CANTO'S.

- 1. A Sserting the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
- 2. The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.
- 3. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.
- 4. How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.
- 5. Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were Universally Embrac'd.
- 6. Of preserving this Love in our Memory, and how useful the Contemplation thereof is.

CANTO

CANTO I.

Nor Jove at us, nor Phæbus is arriv'd;
Frail Deities, which first the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they still divert us with their Rage?
What may be hop'd for in a better Age?
When not from Helicon's imagin'd Spring,
But sacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing:
This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun.

Before this Oracle (like Dagon) all
The false Pretenders, Delphos, Hammon, fall;
Long since despis'd, and silent they afford
Honour and Triumph to th' Eternal Word.

21

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
And Rules' to guide us to that Mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledge for the great Author's Aid.
His power in Nature's ample Book we find;
But the less Volume do's express his Mind.

This Light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his bleft Gods vouchfafe us not a thought;
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
As Fortune do's, or humane Wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the facred Yoke,

And Band of all Society is broke:

What use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,

Where Men regard no God but Interest?

What endless War would jealous Nations tear,

If none above did Witness what they Swear?

Sad

Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet just)

Among themselves to find so little trust!

Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,

Without a God, our Falshood and our Shame.

To know our Thoughts, the Object of his Eyes,

Is the sirst step towards being Good, or Wise;

For tho' with Judgment we on things Resect,

Our Will determines, not our Intellect:

Slaves to their Passion, Reason Men employ

Only to compass what they would enjoy;

His sear, to guard us from our selves, we need,

And sacred Writ our Reason do's exceed.

For tho' Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord'
Yet something shines more Glorious in his Word;]
His Mercy this (which all his Work excels)
His tender Kindness, and Compassion tells:
While we inform'd by that Celestial Book,
Into the Eowels of our Maker look.

divisity

Love

Love there reveal'd, which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning, shall our Song commend;
Describe it self, and warm us with that Flame,
Which first from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came.

CANTO II.

HE fear of Hell, or aiming to be bleft, Savours too much of private Interest; This mov'd not Moses, nor the Zealous Paul, Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all: A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell descends. To fave, and make his Enemies his Friends. What line of Praise can Fathom such a Love, Which reacht the lowest bottom from above? The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace (space: From Heav'n to Earth, measur'd but half that The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought, Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote; Heav'n

Over

Heav'n was scarce heard of until he came down TomaketheRegion, whereLove triumphs, known.

That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perswade:

For Love it was, that first created Light, Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new Grace On things dispos'd of to their proper place; Some to rest here, and some to Shine above: Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th'Effects of Love. And Love would be return'd; but there was none That to themselves, or others yet were known: The World a Palace was, without a Gueft, Till one appears, that must excel the rest: One, like the Author, whose Capacious Mind Might by the Glorious Work, the Maker find: Might measure Heav'n, and give each Star a name. With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;

Over the Globe, with swelling Sails might go, And that 'tis round, by his Experience know: Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will. And ferve his use the fertile Earth to Till. When by his Word, God had accomplish all, Man to Create, he did a Council call; Imploy'd his Hand, to give the Dust he took A graceful Figure, and Majestick Look; With his own Breath, convey'd into his Break Life and a Soul fit to command the reft, Worthy alone to Celebrate his Name For fuch a Gift, and tell from whence it came: Birds fing his Praises, in a wilder Note, But not with lasting numbers, and with thought, Man's great Prerogative. But above all His Grace abounds, in his new Favorites fall. If he Create, it is a World he makes; If he be angry, the Creation shakes:

Frem

From his just Wrath our Guilty Parents Fled;
He Curst the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's
Amidst the Storm, his Bounty did exceed, (Head
In the rich promise of the Virgin's Seed;
Tho' Justice Death as Satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

WOLC A N. T. O III.

He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son descends, to treat a Peace with those,
Which were, and must have ever been his Foes;
Poor he became, and lest his Glorious Seat,
To make us Humble, and to make us Great;
His Business here was Happiness to give
To those, whose Malice could not let him live:
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
For us resolv'd to Perish, he resus'd;

T

Borli

While

While they stood ready to prevent his Loss, and I Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross. He Immortal Love! which in his Bowels Reign'd, A That we might be by such Love constrain'd the To make return of Love; upon this Pole of To Our Duty does, and our Religion Rowl.

To Love is to Believe, to Hope, to Know, 'Tis an Essay, a Taste of Heav'n below.

He to proud Potentates would not be known.

Of those that Lov'd him, he was hid from none.

Till Love appear, we live in Anxious doubt; H

ButSmoak will vanish, when that Flame breaks our

This is the Fire, that would consume our Dross, T

Refine, and make us Richer by the Loss.

Could we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,
We should agree, as Angels do above.
Where Love presides, not Vice alone does find
No Entrance there, but Virtues stay behind:

Both

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner Train

Of moral Virtues, at the Door remain;

Love only enters, as a Native there,

For Born in Heav'n, it do's but fojourn here.

He that alone would Wife and Mighty be, Commands that others Love, as well as he : Love as he Lov'd, how can we foar fo high? He can add Wings, when he commands to Fly: Nor should we be with this Command dismay'd. He that Examples gives, will give his Aid; For he took Flesh, that where his Precepts fail, His Practife as a Pattern may prevail; His Love at once, and Dread instructs our thought, As Man he fuffer'd, and as God he taught; Will for the Deed he takes, we may with eafe Obedient be, for if we Love, we Please; Weak tho' we are, to Love is no hard task, And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask: Love, that would all Men just and temp'rate make, Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile Ground; Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound; Unruly Passions, whose effects are worse, (Curse. Than Thorns and Thistles springing from the

CANTO IV.

The Canada and I we

To Glory Man, or Misery is Born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy in Extreme,
Base in himself, but great in Heav'ns esteem;
With Love, of all Created things, the best,
Without it more Pernicious than the rest.

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er;
Man's boundless Avarice his want exceeds,
And on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds;

His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are fo vaft,

That Deluge like, they lay whole Nations wast;

Debauches and Excess, tho with less noise,

As great a Portion of Mankind destroys.

The Beafts and Monsters, Hercules opprest, Might in that Age, some Provinces infest; These more destructive Monsters are the Bane Of every Age, and in all Nations Reign; But foon would vanish, if the World were blest With Sacred Love, by which they are represt. Impendent Death, and Guilt that threatens Hell. Are dreadful guests, which here with Mortals dwell And a vext Conscience mingling with their Joy Thoughts of Despair, do's their whole Life annoy? But Love appearing, all those Terrors Fly, We live contented, and contented die; in to another They in whose Breast, this facred Love has place, Death as a passage to their Joy Embrace.

1.

Clouds

Famine

Lool

Clouds and thick Vapors which obscure the day,
The Sun's Victorious Beams may Chase away;
Those which our Life corrupt, and darken, Love,
The Nobler Star, must from the Soul remove:
Spots are observed in that which bounds the Year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundless Sphere;
Of Heaven the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

CANTO V.

HIS Iron Age, so fraudulent and Bold,
Toucht with this Love, would be an

(Age of Gold;

Not as they feign'd, that Oaks should Honey drop, Or Land neglected bear an unsown Crop:

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheaps
None for himself, would either Sow, or Reap;
Our ready Help, and mutual Love would yield
A Nobler Harvest, than the richest Field.

Famine

Famine and Death, confin'd to certain Parts, Extended are, by barrenness of Hearts; Some pine for want, where others Surfeit now, But when we should the use of Plenty know: Love would betwixt the Richard Needy stand, And spread Heav'ns Bounty with an equal Hand; At once the Givers and Receivers blefs. Encrease their Joy, and make their Sufferings less. Who for himfelf no Miracle would make, Dispens'd with for the Peoples sake; He that long Fasting would no wonder show, Made Loaves and Fishes, as they eat them grow. Of all his Power, which boundless was above, Here he us'd none, but to express his Love; And fuch a Love would make our Joy exceed, Not when our own, but other Mouths we feed. Laws would be useless which rude Nature awe, Love changing Nature, would prevent the Law; T 4 Tyger I punc

PEYT.

Tygers, and Lyons, into Dens we thrust,

But milder Creatures with their Freedom trust.

Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse,

No force but Love, not Bond, but Bounty, knows:

Men, whom we now, so fierce and dang'rous see

Would Guardian Angels to each other be;

Such Wonders can this mighty Love perform,

Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what Ifaiah Prophecy'd, can do,

Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;

Humble the lofty, the Dejected raife, (Ways

Smooth, and make straight, our rough and crooked

Love, strong as Death, and like it, levels all;
With that possess, the great in Title fall, and and I
Themselves esteem, but equal to the least, and had

WhomHeav'n with that high Character has bleft.

Alone bestow compleat Repose on Man;

Tame

Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,
And Foreign strife among the Nations cease:

No Martial Trumpet should disturb our Rest,
Nor Princes Arm, tho' to subdue the East;
Where for the Tomb, so many Heroes taught
By those that guided their Devotion, Fought.

Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
Love as he Lov'd, a Love fo unconfin'd
With Arms extended would Embrace Mankind.

Self-Love would cease, or be Dilated, when We should behold, as many Selfs, as Men; All of one Family, in Blood Ally'd, His precious Blood, that for our Ransom Dy'd.

CANTO VI.

Colonacia digita ow a salganagita

HO? the Creation, so Divinely Taught,

Prints such a lively Image in our thought

That,

That the first spark of new Created Light and F From Chaos struck, affects our present sight:

Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The Day of Rising, than the Day of Rest;
That ev'ry Week might new occasion give,
To make his Triumph in their Memory Live.
Then let our Muse compose a Sacred Charm
To keep his Blood, among us, ever Warm;
And Singing, as the Blessed do above,
With our last Breath dilate this Flame of Love.

But on so vasta Subject, who can find Words that may reach th' Idea's of his Mind? Words that may reach th' Idea's of his Mind? What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high?

Desparing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our Heart;
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Design, th' Endeavour brings Reward;

The

The Contemplation does suspend our Woe, And make a Truce with all the Ills we know,

As Saul's afflicted Spirit, from the found
Of David's Harp, a present Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muse engage,
No Wounds are felt, of Fortune, or of Age:
On Divine Love to mediate is Peace,

And makes all care of meaner things to ceafe.

Amaz'd at once, and Comforted to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;
The Soul contending to that Light to Fly
From her dark Cell, we practise how to Die;
Imploying thus the Poet's Winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our Heart.

Joy so compleat, so solid and severe,

Would leave no place for meaner Pleasures there;

Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gone,

When from the East the Rising Sun comes on.

N FAL

Of Divine Love.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non Fama petita est,

Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.

Namque ubi mota calent Sacrâ mea Pectora Musă,

Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est,

Imploying thus the Foet's Winged Art,

To reach this Love, and grave it in our Heart,

!AirT od dark Cell, we practite how to Die;

Joyalo compleat, 16 folial and fivere, which for our only only some of the first file fines fires fires for the chay would be gone, When would be gone, When would be gone, When would be gone,

Had feed the Wounds, The Oothe Reader's view,

White was to come this and decire;

Thing Man deferther as if the had been doid

She draws to lively, that they bleed anew."

Of Latin Polific

Divine Poesie,

TWO CANTO'S,

Occasioned upon sight of the 53d. Chapter of Isaiah, turn'd into Verse by Mrs. Wharton.

Verle fo defined by Ton K. Speck wrote. Is the Perfection of an ardene Thought:

Poets we prife, when in their Verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy Mind
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The Secret, which this Oracle does show.

acitY!

What

serlW

What was to come Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the Wounds, which to the Reader's view,
She draws so lively, that they Bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So with the Prophets may her Lines grow Old;
If they should Die, who can the World forgive?
Such Pious Lines! When wanton Sapho's Live.
Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a Nobler Fire:
Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.

Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Persection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoke which we from burning Incense raise,
When we compleat the Sacrifice of Praise.

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.

What

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair
A meaner Subject when with these we Grace,
A Giants habit on a Dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the Product of our Muse, Like that fweet Oil, above all private ufe: On pain of Death forbidden to be made. But when it should be on the Altar laid. Verse shows a Rich inestimable Vein, and When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither fent again Of Bounty his that he admits our Praile, Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise. For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rife. Born on the Flame of Manoah's Sacrifice: So Wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky, Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we Fly; The whole Creation, by our Fall made Groan, His Praise to Eecho, and suspend their Moan,

For that he Reigns, all Creatures should Rejoyce,
And we with Songs supply their want of Voice.
The Church Triumphant, and the Church below
In Songs of Praise their present Union show:
Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
Angels, and we, affisted by this Art,
May sing together, tho' we dwell apart. (must
Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems
No higher rise, than Winds may life the Dust.
From that they spring; this from his Breath that

To the first Dust, th' Immortal Soul we have:

His Praise well sung, our great endeavour here,

Shakes off the Dust, and makes that Breath ap-

The whole Exercise, by our Part and Groge.

treold the tresqualities on CANTO

CANTO II.

E that did first this way of Writing Grace, Converst with the Almighty Face to Face. Wonders he did in Sacred Verse unfold, When he had more than Eighty Winters told: The Writer feels no dire effect of Age, Nor Verse that flows from so Divine a Rage. Eldest of Poets, he beheld the Light, When first it Triumph'd o'er Eternal Night; Chaos he faw, and could distinctly tell How that Confusion into Order fell: As if consulted with, he has exprest The Work of the Creator and his Rest. How the Floud drown'd the first offending Race; Which might the Figure of our Globe Deface:

a retire Velven that that that tede.

No. of

For

For new made Earth, fo even and fo Fair. Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air: Surpriz'd with Heat, and unexpected Cold Early Distempers make our Youth look Old: -Our Days fo Evil, and fo few may tell That on the Ruins of that World we dwell. Strong as the Oaks that nourish't them, and high, That long-liv'd Race did on their Force rely, Neglecting Heav'n: But we of shorter date, Should be more Mindful of impendant Fare. To Worms that crawl upon this Rubbish here, This Span of Life may yet too long appear: Enough to humble, and to make us great, If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.

Which well observing, he in Numerous Lines, Taught wretched Man, how fast his Life declines: In whom he dwelt, before the World was made, And may again retire, when that shall Fade.

The

The lasting Iliads have not Liv'd so long,
As his and Deborah's Triumphant Song.

Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the Coelestial Quire.

Heav'n to the Pious did this Art reveal;

And from their store succeeding Poets Steal.

Homer's Scamander for the Trojans Faught,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishbon Taught,
His River scarce could sierce Achilles stay;
Hers more successful, swept her Foes away.
The Host of Heav'n, his Phabus and his Mars,
He Arms, instructed by her Fighting Stars.
She led them all against the Common Foe:
But he missed by what he saw below,
The Powers above, like Wretched Men, divides;
And breaks their Union into different sides.

May be but Copies of that Heroine,

000

e

Homer

Homer himself, and Agamemnon, She had a The Writer could, and the Commander, bed a Land Commander, bed a Land

Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain

Than all the Tales the boldest Greeks could seign:

For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,

Which gave her Courage, and success in Fight.

A double Garland Crowns the matchless Dame;

From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conquest came.

Tho' of the Jews she Merit most esteem:

Yet here the Christian has the greater Theme.

Her martial Song describes how Sisera fell,

This sings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The rifing Light employ'd the facred Breath:

Of the bleft Virgin and Elizabeth

In Songs of Joy; the Angels fung his Birth:

Here, how he treated was upon the Earth

Trembling we Read; th' Affliction and the Scorn,

Which for our Guilt, so Patiently was Born.

Con

Conception, Birth, and Suffering, all belong Tho' various Parts, to one Cælestial Song: And She, well using so divine an Art, Has in this Consort, sung the Tragick part.

As Hannah's Seed was Vow'd to Sacred use,
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
With Fruit as fair as by her Muse is Born.

Andhow out to inflerious weather

Value of the State of State of the State of

A devote Harrone A D To have

All All And Alego vim B

For their flavorer in the sec

Deny Requests, which his overtiend did

ting the Eventrality was and the Profes

V 3

On the Paraphrase on the Lords Prayer, Written by Mrs. Wharton.

Silence, you Winds, liften Etherial Lights, While our Urania fings what Heav'n indites;
The numbers are the Nymphs, but from above
Descends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here wretched Mortals have not leave alone,

But are instructed to approach his Throne;

And how can he to miserable Men

Deny Requests, which his own Hand did Pen?

In the Evangelists we find the Prose,

Which Paraphras'd by her a Poem grows;

A devout Rapture, so Divine a Hymn,
It may become the highest Seraphim;
For they like her in that Cælestial Quire,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.

For all, but Pardon for Offences, pray.

Some Reflections of his upon the several Petitions in the same Prayer.

I. III Sacred Name, with Reverence pro-

Should mention'd be, and trembling at the found: It was Jehovah, 'tis our Father now,

So low to us, does Heav'n vouchfafe to bow:

: 18.9. Feelens, andehne fills on Can:

He brought it down, that taught us how to Pray,
And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

II. His Kingdom come: For this we Pray in vain,

Unless he does in our Affections Raign: Howholl

Abfurd it were to wish for such a King,

And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;

l'hough

Whose Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light,

His Service Freedom, and his Judgments Right.

III.

III. His will be done; In Fact 'tis always done,
But as in Heav'n, it must be made our own:
His Will should all our Inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the Universe obey,
Happy the Man, whose wishes are confined
To what has been Eternally design'd;
Referring all to his Paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to our selves we are.

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
Tis he that Feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breast,
From Day to Day we on his Bounty Feast,
Nor should the Soul expect above a Day
To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
The setting Sun should seem to bound our Race,
And the new Day a Gift of special Grace.

V. That he should all our Trespasses forgive,
While we in hatred with our Neighbours Live;
Though

Though so to Pray may seem an easy task,
We Curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The Noblest Worship of the Power above,
Is to extol, and imitate his Love:
Not to forgive our Enemies alone,
But use our Bounty that they may be won.

And those we may in several Stations know:
The Rich and Poor in slippery Places stand:
Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand:
Not ill-perswading Want, nor wanton Wealth:
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.
For not the Dead; but Living sing thy Praise,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raise.

VI. Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,

Virginibus Puerifq; Canto, Horat.

Phone Is forto Pring onay feem an easy task,

Der Sobleat Welle Sociament preinte.

Of the last Verses in the Book.

HEN we for Age could neither Read (nor Write,

The Subject made us able to indite.

The Soul with Nobler Resolutions Deckt,

The Body stooping, does her self erect:

No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise

Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o'er;
So calmare we, when Passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of sleeting Things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of Assection from our younger Eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which Age descries.

Gischenger but with a maing Hand:

The

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Let's in new Light thro' chinks that time has
Stronger by Weakness, Wiser Men become (made,
As they draw near to their Eternal Home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
That stand upon the Threshold of the New.

along the Steet moon on prestes

the this and property apply

ALL SHOULD END TO BE TO

-Miratur Limen Olympi.

202

OF

46

Virgil.

15 AP 57

The End of the First Part.

Cos As THE W. L. B. L. E.

O the King on his Navy Pa	g. I.
Of the Danger his Majesty (being Pri	nce
escaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.	kon E
Of L. M. A in the Nome of the Du	be of
Of his Majesties receiving the News of the Du	II AA
Bucking nam's Death.	-5
To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of Her Maje	stres
Picture.	15
Upon His Majesties repairing of St. Paul's.	19
The Country to my Lady of Carlifle.	23
The Countess of Carlifle in Mourning.	
	24
In Answer to one who writ against a fair Lady.	27
On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture.	29
To Vandike.	30
Of the Lady who can Sleep when she pleases.	33
Of the misreport of her being Painted.	34
Of her passing through a crowd of People.	36
The story of Pheebus and Daphne applied.	37
Fabula Phæbi & Daphnis.	38
Of Mrs Arden.	are a second and second
To Amoret.	39
On the Head of a Stag.	40
To a Lady in a Garden.	44
	45
The Misers Speech in a Mask.	46
On the Friendship betwixt two Ladies.	48
Of her Chamber,	49
Of Loving at first Sight.	51
The self banished.	52
SONG.	53
Thirfis, Galatea.	
	755 The

The Battle of the Summer Islands in three Canto	3.58
SONG.	71
Of Love.	72
To Phillis.	75
To Phillis.	76
SONG.	78
SONG.	79
To Amoret.	86
Tomy Lord of Falkland.	81
For drinking of Healths.	83
On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.	84
To a Lady singing of a Song of his Composing.	85.
Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.	86
Loves farewel.	88
From a Child.	89
On a Girdle.	90
The Apology of Sleep: For not approaching th	
who can do any thing but Sleep when she pleas	eth.91
At Penf-hurst.	93
Another.	96
To my Lord of Leicester.	98
To a very young Lady.	100
SONG.	101
SONG.	103
On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.	104
To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Per	1. 106
On a Brede of divers colours, woven by 4 Ladi	
To my Lord of Northumberland upon the D	eath of
his Lady.	108
To my Lord Admiral, of his late Sickness a	
covery.	111
	Ala

Ala Malade.	14
Of the Queen.	16
	20
Tothe Queen-Mother of France upon her Landing. 1	25
	27
Of Salley.	31
Puerperium	33
	35
	oid.
	136
will the man of the state of th	137
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	138
A STATE OF THE STA	139
	141
To Mr. George Sands, on his Translation of f	ome
A mile of all Dill.	143
	144
The state of the s	145
T C CO T I C III A TT C	146
To a Friend of the different success of their Loves.	150
	152
To Zelenda.	154
On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays.	156
To Chloris.	158
On St. Jame's Park, as lately improved by His	
	bid.
To Sir William D' Avenant, upon his two	
Books of Gondibert, written in France.	166
To my worthy Friend, the Translator of Grotius.	
on Lord Admiral, of the late books for see the	To

To the King, upon his Majesties happy Return.	
To my Lady Morton on New-years-day 165	
the Louvre in Paris.	178
Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.	181
To his worthy Friend Mr. E'velyn upon his Tra	
tion of Lucretius.	182
Part of the fourth Book of Virgil Translated.	185
Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.	193
Epitaph, to be written under the Latine inscri	
upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord	An-
dover.	199
To the Queen upon Her Majesties Birth-Day,	after
Her happy recovery from a dangerous Sickness	
Instructions to a Painter, for the drawing of the	be Po-
sture and Progress of His Majesties Forces a	u Sea,
under the Command of his Highness-Royal.	
gether with the Battle and Victory obtained	over
the Dutch, June 3. 1665.	203
Tothe King.	222
To a Friend of the Authors; a Person of Honou	r, who
lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled, Hist	orical
Applications, and occasional Meditations	upon
feveral Subjects.	224
To Mr. Henry Laws, who had then newly fet	a Song
of mine in the year 1625.	225
Upon Her Majesties new Buildings at Son House.	erlet- 227
On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after I	he was
alaa.	239
Epigram upon the Golden Medal.	231 Of

158-1.469

Of a Tree cut in Paper.	232
To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing	Copy
which for many Years had been loft.	233
The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in the dark.	
Of English Verse.	236
Song by Mrs. Knight to her Majesty on her B	
day.	238
To his Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons,	upon
his Translation of his Venetian Triumph.	240
Epitaph.	241
Of Her Royal Highness, Mother to the Prince	of O-
range, and of her Portraict, written by th	SECURIOR SEC
Dutchess of York while she lived with her.	244
To the Dutchess of Orleans, when she was t	aking
leave of the Court at Dover.	245
Written on a Card that Her Majestytore at Ombr	a.246
To the Dutchess when he presented this Book t	
Royal Highness.	247
Verses writ in the Tasso of Her Royal Highness	. 248
Upon our late loss of the Duke of Cambridge.	249
Translated out of Spanish.	250
Of the Lady Mary, &c.	Ibid
To the Servant of a fair Lady.	253
Upon the Earlof Roscommon's Translation of H	orace
de Arte Poetica: And of the use of Poetry	. 255
Epitaph on Sir George Speke.	258
Of Her Majesty on New-years-day 1683.	261
A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire	e, pre-
Sented to His Majesty on his Birth-day.	262
Of Divine Love. 15 AP 57	267
Of Divine Poesie.	287.
	HE

THE

Second Part

OF

M' WALLER's

POEMS.

Containing,

His Alteration of the

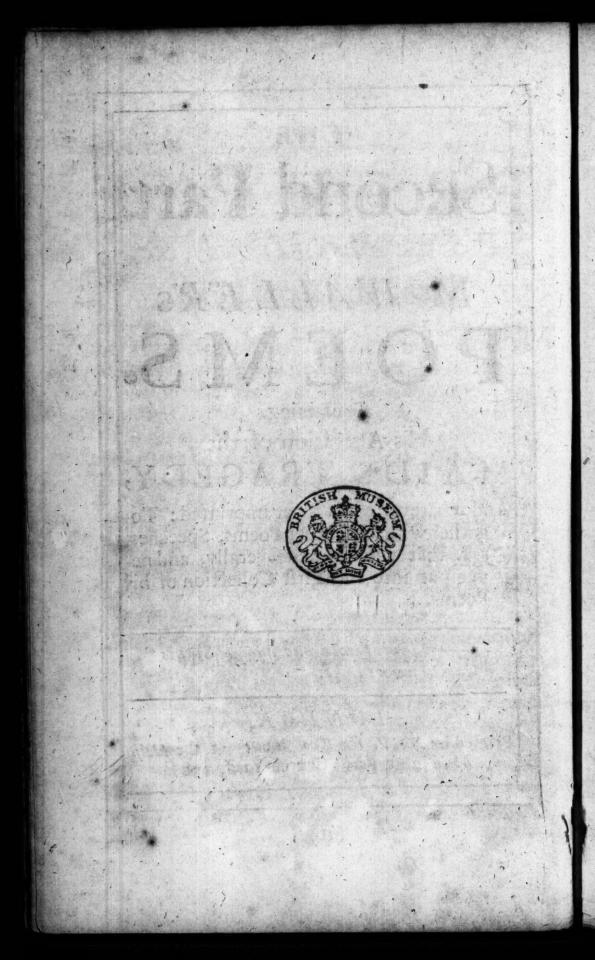
MAIDS TRAGEDY,

And whatever of his is yet unprinted: Together with some other Poems, Speeches, &c. that were Printed severally, and never put into the First Collection of his Poems.

——Siquis tamen hac quoque Siquis Captus amore leget.

LONDON.

Printed by T. W. for Tho. Bennet, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1705.



PREFACE

To the Maids Tragedy, &c. Being the Second Part.

HE Reader need be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: A Name that carries every thing in it, that's either Great or Graceful in Poetry. He was indeed the Parent of English Verse, and the first that shew'd us our Tongue had Beauty and Numbers in it. Our Language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richlieu, and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his may.

Tu pater & rerum inventor, Tu patria nobis. Suppeditas præcepta: Tu esque ex Inclyte, chartis Floriseris ut Apes in sallibus omnia libant, Omnia Nos itidem depascimur aureadicta: Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita.

The Tongue came into his Hands, like a rough Diamond; he polished it first, and to that degree that all Artists since him have admired the Workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Sucklyn (u) and

and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough, but as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so twas a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the List of Refiners, and, for ought I know, last too; for I question whether in Charles the Second's Reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustean Age, as well as the Latin. It feems to be already mix'd with Foreign Languages, as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chymists says of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the Infusion. But Posterity will best judge of this--- In the mean time, 'tis a surprising Reslection, that between what Spencer wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: And yet the one's Language, like the Money of that time, is as currant now as ever; whilf the other's words are like old Coyns, one must go to an Antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some Painters will hit the chief Lines, and master strokes of a Face so truly, that through all the differences of Age, the Picture shall still bear a Resemblance. This Art was Mr. Waller's; he sought out, in this slowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament; and this he did so successfully, that his Language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could

could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains indeed of a Tyde of words that comes in upon the English Poet, and o'erflows whate'er he builds: But this was less his case than any Mans, that ever wrote; and the mischief on't is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute it self. For though English be mouldring Stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly

pick'd the best out of a bad Quarry.

We are no less beholding to him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before his time, Men Rhym'd indeed, and that was all: As for the Harmony of Measure, and that Dance of Words, which good Ears are so much pleas'd with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of Monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the World. If any Man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he'll be quickly convinc'd. Besides, their Verses ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole Copy, like the hook't Atoms, that compose a Body in Des Cartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the Ear to rest upon-But as soon as the Copy began, down it went, like a Larum, incessantly; and the Reader was sure to be out of Breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right Prose, tagg'd with Rhymes. Mr. Waller remov'd all these (u 2) Faults.

Faults, brought in more Polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse he wrote in: So that where-ever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with 'em. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lyes commonly upon the last Syllable, you'll hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid, the Reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with Verbs, in which we know

the Life of Language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his Rhymes. Which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine Ear, and knew how quickly that Sense was cloy'd by the same round of chiming Words still returning upon it. 'Tis a decided Case by the great Master of Writing. Quæ funt ampla & Pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida & concinna, (among ft which Rhyme must, whether it will or no. take its place) cito satietate afficiunt aurium senfum fastidiosissimum. This he understood very well, and therefore, to take off the danger of a Surfeit that way, strove to please by Variety, and new founds. Had he carried this Observation (among others) as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank Verse. But he continu'd an obstinate Lover of Rhyme to the very last: 'Twas a Mistres,

Mistress, that never appear'd unhandsome in his Eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had rais'd it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: And the Poet's temper (which has always a little Vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing, he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: No Man ever Rhym'd truer and evener than he; yet he is so just as to confess, that'tis but a Trifle, and to wish the Tyrant dethron'd, and blank Verse set up in its room. There is a third Person, the living Glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaim'd the use of it upon the Stage, tho' no Man ever employ'd it there so happily as He. 'Twas the strength of his Genius that first brought it into credit in Plays; and 'tis the force of his Example that has thrown it out agen. In other kinds of writing it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent Spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of Rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has providit as well, by what he has wrote in another way.

But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present Age is a little too Warlike: It may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but 'twill hardly encourage one now: Without Prophesying, a Man may easily know, what sort

of Lawrels are like to be in request?

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I don't

den't know how, betrayed into a great deal of Profe. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind, what respect was due to any thing that fell from the Pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last Printed Copies, which are added in the several Editions of his Poems, very flightly spoken of; but certainly they don't deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that's the worst we can say of 'em. He is there Jam Senior: Sed cruda Deo viridifque Senectus. The same Censure perhaps will be past on the Pieces of this second Part. I shall not so far engage for 'em, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the Vigour of his Youth. Yet they are so much of a Piece with the rest, that any Man will at first sight know 'em to be Mr. Waller's. Some of 'em were wrote very early, but not put into former Collections, for Reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceas'd. The Play was alter'd to please the Court: 'Tis not to be doubted who fat for the Two Brothers Characters. 'Twas agreeable to the Sweetness of Mr. Waller's Temper, to soften the Rigour of the Tragedy, as he expresses it; but whether it be so. agreeable to the Nature of Tragedy it felf, to make every thing come of easily, I leave to the Criticks. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few Verses that he has made use of upon another Occasion. But the Reader may be pleased to allow that in him, that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact Writers dress up their Thoughts so very well elways, that when they have need of the same Sense they can't put it into other Words, but it must be toits Prejudice.

Prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together everything of Mr. Waller's, that's not put into the former Collection; so that between both, the

Reader may make the Set compleat.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been Publish'd: And Mr. Cowley's Decision will be urg'd, that a neat Tomb of Marble is a better Monument than a great Pile of Rubbish, &c. It might be answer'd to this, that the Pictures and Poems of great Masters have been always valu'd, tho' the last Hand weren't put to 'em. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the Objection, would refuse a Sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's Draughts of the sirst sitting.

I might tell'em too, what Care has been taken by the Learned, to preserve the Fragments of the Antient Greek and Latin Poets: There has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said, and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and reverenc'd, like Religious Reliques. And, I am sure, take away the mille anni, and Impartial Reasoning will tell us, there is as much due to the Memory of Mr. Waller,

as to the most Celebrated Names of Antiquity.

But to wave the Dispute now of what ought to have been done; I can assure the Reader, what would have been, had this Edition been delay'd. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: It were vain to expect, that among st so many Admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to Publish'em. They might have staid indeed, till by frequent Transcriptions they had been corrupted

corrupted extreamly, and jumbled together with things of another kind: But then they would have found their way into the World. So'twas thought a greater piece of Kindness to the Author, to put'emout, whilst they continue genuine and unmix'd, and such as he himself, were he alive, might own.

15 AP 57

The

The Maids Tragedy,

Altered By

Mr. WALLER.

PROLOGUE.

So long renown'd a Tragedy to Mend:

Had not already some deserv'd your Praise

With like attempt. Of all our Elder Plays,

This and Philaster have the loudest Fame:

Great are their Faults; and glorious is their Flame:

In both our English Genius is exprest;

Lofty and bold, but negligently drest.

Above our Neighbours our conceptions are:

But faultless Writing is th' effect of Care.

ruo on may compare the fx mer with the reve

364 The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.

Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haft; Polist like Marble, would like Marble last. But as the present so the last Age Writ; In both we find like negligence and Wit. Were we but less indulgent to our Faults, And Patience had to sultivate our Thoughts: Our Muse would Flourish, and a Nobler rage Would bonour this, than did the Gracian Stage. Thus fays our Author, not content to fee That others Write as carelesty as He. Tho' he pretends not to make things compleat; Tet to please You, he'd have the Poets Sweat. In this old Play, what's new we have exprest In Rhiming Verfe, distinguish'd from the rest; That, as the Rhone his hasty way does make,

Not mingling Waters, thro' Geneva's Lake; So having here the different stiles in view, You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the Knot unty, Soften the Rigour of the Tragedy:

And yet preserve each persons Character:

Then to the Other, This you may prefer.

'Tis left to you: The Boxes and the Pit,

Are Sovereign Judges of this fort of Wit.

In other things the knowing Artist may

Judge better than the People: But a Play,

Made for Delight, and for no other use,

If you approve it not, has no excuse:

These will to both my Rejolution bridge

Property Language that, this to the King.

Under how hard a fare and Women Born! ..

Prix'd to their Rain, or exposit to Scott.

Enter

And are Belles blike frontier Towns, if Fill.

Enter Evadne, with a Page of Honour.

And yet preserve each persons Charate

Evad. A Mintor loft, it were as vain a thing,
As'tis prodigious, to destroy the King.

Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,

And the Act ill, I am absolv'd by both.

This Island left with pity I'll look down

On the King's Love, and fierce Melantim's Frown,

These will to both my Resolution bring:

Page, give Melantius that, this to the King.

[Exit Page with the Letters.

Under how hard a fate are Women Born!

Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn!

If we want Beauty, we of Love despair;

And are Besieg'd like Frontier Towns, if Fair.

The

The Pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows:

What can our Sex against such Force oppose?

Love and Ambition have an equal share

In their vast Treasures; and it costs as dear

To Ruin us, as Nations to subdue;

But we are Faulty, tho' all this be true.

For Townsare starv'd, or batter'd e'er they yield;

But We perswaded rather than compell'd:

For things Superfluous neglect our Fame,

And weakly render up our felves to shame.

Oh! That I had my Innocence again,

My untoucht Honour: But I wish in Vain.

The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,

Never again its Native whiteness gain'd.

Th' unblemisht may pretend to Virtue's Crown:

'Tis Beauty now must perfect my renown.

110

With that I govern'd him that Rules this Isle;

Tis that which makes me Triumph in the Spoil,

Z T

X 3

The Wealth I bear from this exhausted Court, Which here my Bark stands ready to transport. In narrow Rhodes I'll be no longer Pent; But act my part upon the Continent: Afiatick Kings shall see my Beauties Prize, But we are Haulty, tho all this be true.

My fhining Jewels, and my brighter Eyes. Por l'oversare sarv'd, or barrer'd e'er they yield; Princes that Fly, their Scepters lest behind, Contempt or Pity, where they Travel, find: Hor things Superfluous neglect our Fam The Enfigns of our Power about we bear; And weakly render up our felves to mame. And every Land pays Tribute to the Fair. So shines the Sun, the hence remov'd, as clear When his Beams warm th' Antipodes, as here. The Heece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd, Enter Melantius, with a Letter in his Hand. Th' unblemisht may pretend to Virtue's Crown: The Sea's not vast enough to quench her Lust. The standing Regiments, the Fort, the Town, is that which makes me All but this Wicked Sister is our own.

Oh! That I could but have surpriz'd the Wretch,

E're she that Watry Element did reach.

Twice false Evadne; spightfully forsworn,

That fatal Beaft like this I would have Torn.

Stand accorded to desire the Paper with Fury

But this design admits of no delay;

And our Revenge must find some speedy Way.

I'll found Lucippus, he has always paid

Respect to my deserts: Could he be made

To joyn with us, we might preserve the State;

And take Revenge, without our Country's Fate.

He loves his Brother; but a present Crown

Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Throne.

He's full of Honour: Tho' he like it not,

If once he Swear, he'll not reveal the Plot. [Exit.

Enter the King alone.

King. Melantius false! It cannot be: And yet,

When I remember how I Merit it,

He

310 The Maids Tragedy Alter d He is presented to my guilty Mind Less to his Duty, than Revenge inclin'd. Tis not my Nature to suspect my Friends, Or think they can have black Malicious ends: Tis doing wrong creates fuch doubts as thefe, Renders us Jealous, and destroys our Peace. Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults. Enter a Page with a Letter. of Socios? Page. Tis from Evadne, Sir. Exit. all bluodi ve with the ute Country's Pare. Her Pen to me? 'Tis some important News! Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Three He's full of Honoar! The he like it not, Honce he Swear, he'll not reveal the Plot. (Exit. Enter the King alone. King. Melantius falle! It cannot be: And yet, When I remember how I Merit it,

For in a Court with Letter will be

From on Board my Tatch.

Enter Melantius and Lucipous.
[.botab ylagnart2]
Süch is the General: To Lucipous Ear.

WHich is now bearing me away from the Rage of my offended Brothers: I wish you were as safe from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me Swear to take it. They have got the Fort, and are assured of the Inclinations, both of the Soldiers and Citizens. My sirst Prayer is to the Gods, for your Preservation: My next to your Majesty, that if they return to their Duty you would afford them your Grace.

'Tis no fain'd Tale Callianax has told in ord ord ord The Great Melantius is as false as bold of your ord ord. The Crown we Hazard, when at home we stay, The And teach our Forces others to obey.

Conduct of Armies is a Prince's Art; July 1910 And when a Subject acts that Royal Part; over o'T As he in Glory rifes we grow less and elegan and While our Armes prosper, ruin'd by Success bank
Tor

For in a Court what can so dreadful be, As one more Glorious than our selves to see!

Enter Melantius and Lucippus.

Such is the General: To Lucippus Ear,

What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Lucip. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,

Not to reveal the fedret, which Lipathe him

To stain my Conscience with my Brother's Blood

To bea king! No, not to be a God.

He that with Patience can fuch Treason hear,

Tho' he confent not, has a Guilty Ear nish on ail

Unto thy felf pronounce the name of King? of T

That word will keep thee from fo foul a thing.

(stal vos) our Forces others to obey.

Mel. Sir, your fond care and kindness comes
To fave your Brother, or prevent my Hate:

The People Mutiny, the Fort is mine, long and all the Soldiers to my Will incline, woolid wool of

Of his own Servants he has loft the Heart, med brid And in the Court Phave the Nobler parting and T Unto your felf pronounce the name of King; T. M. That Word will tell you tis no trivial thing in a That you are offer'd: Do not Storm and Frown At my endeavours to preferve the Crown ave 101 Wear it your felf; occasion will not stay; 'I'is loft, unless you take it while you may to ba A Tumult and Ruin will o'erwhelm the State; we I And you'll be guilty of your Country's fate. (laid, Luc. aside. Some form'd design against the King is Let's try how far our reason may perswade men A To him.] The Crown you value so, my Brother bears Upon his Head, and with it all the cares ; 12 1817 While Tenjoy the advantage of his State, woy liw And all the Crown can give, except the weight. Long may he Reign, that is for above O All Vice, all Passion, but excess of Love long va Lec And

And can th' effects of Llove appear to ftrange, in to That into Beafts our greatest Gods could Change? Me. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape, Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape; July But Princes once turn'd into Beafts, remain For ever fo; and should, like Beasts be Slain. Luc. Tho' more in years, you have a Miftress still; And for that fault would you your Sovereign kill? Love is the Fraility of Heroic Minds; but thuma'T And where great Virtues are, our Pardon finds. A Brutes may be Chast; Pigeons, Swans and Doves, Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves. Justice and Bounty, in a Prince are things I mid o T That Subjects make as happy as their Kings and Will you contract the Guilt of Royal Blood ? Int W And robyour Country of her chiefest good? bab. Mel. Of one, whose Lust his Family has stain'd By whose good Conduct he securely Reign'd, HA Luc.

Aut

ear Luc. Of one, whose choice first made your Va-

And with whose Armies you have got renown.

'Tis all the gratitude Subjects can fhew,

To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet Brutus did not let Proud Tarquin scape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was Guilty of a Rape.

For Joys extorted with a violent Hand,

Revenge is just, and may with Honour stand.

But should a Prince, because he does comply

With one, that's fair and not unwilling, Dye?

Or is it fit the People should be Taught o had

Your Sifters Frailty, with my Brothers Fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchast; so it be said,

That he that durst persuade her to't is Dead.

uoy) ily bedaufe your Sider is not Chafe.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you: Is it just that
Mischief to me and the whole Nation do?

Mel.

Mely Rather than not accomplish my Revenge, Juft, or unjust, I would the World unhinge. . Luc. Yet of all Virtues, Justice is the best : Valour, without it, is a common Pest. Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd, Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd. Tis our Complexion makes us Chaft or Brave; Justice, from Reason, and from Heav'n we have. All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood, That in the Soul, and gives the name of Good. Justice, the Queen of Virtues, you despise, And only Rude, and Savage Valour, Prize. To your Revengeyou think the King and all That Sacred is, a Sacrifice should fall: The Town be ruin'd, and this Isle laid wast, Only because your Sister is not Chast. Can you expect, that the should be so Sage To rule her Blood, and you not rule your Rage?

Both

MA

Both foul diffempers are; but yours the worfe, Less pleasure has, and brings the greater Curse. Mel. In idle Rhodes Philosophers are bred, And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read. Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong, For patient Duty to employ his Tongue. Oppression makes Men mad, and from their breast, All Reason does, and Sense of Duty wrest. The Gods are fafe, when under wrongs we Groan, Only because we cannot reach their Throne. Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of Clay, Think they may fafely with our Honour play? Reward a Soldiers Merit with a flain To his whole Race, and yet securely Reign? Farewel! I know to brave a Prince will fcorn To tell the fecret, unto which he's Sworn. Luc. side. I promis'd Secrecy, but did not fay I would look Tamely on. Melantius stay:

You

You have my Promise, and my hasty Word.

Restrains my Tongue, but tyes not up my Sword.

Of other Virtues tho' you are berest.

By your wild Rage, I know your Valour's lest.

Swear not to touch my Brother, or with speed.

Behind the Castle-wall let's meet. Mel. Agreed.

qisul tixel makes Men mad, and from their breeft,

Mel. His well-known Virtue, and his constant

, svol.) Gods are fa e, when under wrongs we Groan.

To his bad Brother may the People move:

I'll take the occasion, which he gives, to bring

Him to his Death, and then destroy the King:

[Ex. Mel.

Enter the King as discovering himself.

King. O! What an happiness it is to find

A Friend of our own Blood, a Brother kind!

A Prince so Good, so Just, so void of Fear,

Is of more Value than the Crown I wear.

UGY

The

The Kingdom offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming Rage.
For fuch a Brother, to th' Immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the Crown of Rhodes.
Happy this Isle, with such a Hero Blest!
What Virtue dwels not in his Loyal Breast?

tonigs thing Enter Strato. A sol algost ad T

Str. Sir we are loft, Melantius has the Fort,
And the Town rifes to affault the Court:
Where they will find the Arongest part their own:
If you'l preserve your self, you must be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near Friend.

King. There with your Shallop stay.

The Game's not lost; I have one Card to play.

Suffer not Diphilus to leave the Court,

But bid him presently to me resort. [Exit Strato.

Y

Had

Had not this Challenge stopt the impendent Fate, We must have perishe with the ruin'd State. Forts, Soldiers, Citizens, of all bereft, There's nothing but our private Valour left: If he survive, I have not long to Reign; But he that's injur'd, should be fairly Slain. The People for their Darling would repine; If he should fall by any Hand, but mine. Less Wise than Valiant, the vain Man is gone To Fight a Duel, when his Work was done. Should I command my Guards to find him, where He meets my Brother, and destroy him there: All hope of Peace would be for ever loft; And the Wild Rabble would adore his Ghoft. Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm, And the whole Island, to Revenge him, Arm. So popular, so mighty have I made This Fighting Man, while I liv'd in the Shade.

ANT'

But 'twas a double fault, to raise him so; And then dishonour on his House to throw. Ill govern'd Passions in a Princes Breast, Hazard his Private, and the Publick rest. Slaves to our Passions we become, and then It grows impossible to govern Men. But Errors, not to be recall'd, do find Their best redress from Presence of the Mind. Courage our greatest failings does supply, And makes all good, or handsomely we Dye. Life is a thing of common use, by Heav'n As well to Infects as to Princes giv'n. But, for the Crown, 'tis a more facred thing: I'll Dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, Diphilus, we must together Walk, And of a matter of Importance Talk.

Y 2

Diph.

Diph. aside.] What Fate is this! Had he stay'd (half an hour,

The rifing Town had freed me from his Power.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes into a Field: Into which enter Lucippus and Melantius, with Swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th' injurious King forfake;

Death, or a Scepter from Melantius take.

Lucip. Be thou advis'd, thy black defign for fake;

Death, or this Councel from Lucippus take.

Mel. Youthand vain confidence thy Life betray:

Thro' Armies this has made Melantius way.

Lucip. Drawn for your Prince that Sword could

(Wonders do;

The better Cause makes mine the sharper now.

Thy brutal Anger does the Gods defy;

Kings are their care: Refume thy Loyalty:

Or

Or from thy Guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
And all thy Triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in Hand,

Like a good Brother, by your Brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this Noble
I never did more willingly obey. (Way;

King. Thy Life, Melantius, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treason does a forseit make.
To do thee Honour, I will shed that Blood,

Which the just Laws, if I were faultless, should.

Mel. Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards

Kingshave but small advantage of the Law. (away,

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my right

As King, and thus submit my self to Fight.

Why did not you your own fierce Hand employ,

As I do mine, and tell the Reason why?

A

A Subject should be heard before he's Slain And does less right belong to us that Reign? Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave, This way I chosen had Revenge to have. A way so Noble: that I must confess, Already I begin to hate you less. So unexpected and fo brave a thing, Makes me remember that you are my King. And I could rather be contented, fince He Challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince, That so, a Brother for a Sifter chang'd, I cho'l We may be of your wanton Pride Reveng'd King. Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life water will all losg may balland (have fought;

We both have reason for our fatal Wrath:

Nor is it fit the World should hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart. In oh Tel

13

Me

Me for what Nobler use can you reserve,

Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?

Members expose themselves, to save the Head:

This way he shall be satisfy'd, or Dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.

Tho' foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
This Noble Carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with Courage act, something Divine
That calls for Reverence, does about them Shine.

Dip. Were we Born Princes, we could not

(expect,

For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.

They that with sharpest Injuries are stung,

If fairly Fought withal, forget the Wrong.

A thousand Pities, such a Royal pair

Should run this Hazard for a wanton Fair.

Mel. Let us Fight fo, as to avoid th' Extream
Either of fearing, or of Killing them.

Lucippus

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you should wield a Scepter, not a Sword;
Nor with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others Execute their Will.

K. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder (Kill:

And when Necessity and Right Command,

A Sword is Thunder in a Soveraign's Hand.

Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,

Before we Fight; or they grow less severe.

fisqxo) Here they all Fight.

Lucippus to the King. 3. b'visas inoile as 104

Hold Sir, they only guard, and still give place. To them. Fight us, as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I could Expedient see, A On this side Death, to right our Family.

The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cured a Wound For which no other Salve could have been found.

Your.

Your Brothers now in Arms our felves we boaft.

As fatisfaction for a Sifter loft.

The Blood of Kings expos'd Washes a stain

Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar Slain.

You have our Pardon, Sir; and humbly now,

As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here they both Kneel.

Pardon our guilty Rage; which here takes end, For a lost Sifter, and a Ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great Heart a gracious Motion

Is't not enough, you see Melantius Kneel?

I'll be a pledge for both; they shall be true

As heretofore; and you shall trust 'em too.

His Løyal Arm shall still support the State,

And you no more provoke so just a Hate.

With as much Joy as I am proud of mine.

Rife

Rife, Valiant Diphilus, I hope you'll both Forget my Fault, as I shall your just Wrath

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem?

Their greatest faults, and crownsthem with esteems

Use us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,

To Bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King. With Honour and with Trust this Land ,work liad) diev Rage; which here rakes end,

After my Brother, none so great as you.

Enter the King's Guards,

Mel. If these approach us, Sir, by your command; Take back your Pardon, on our guard westand.

The King steps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you ? arad) val Arm Ball Will Support the State,

Captain of the Guards. Such as you'll Pardon is and nobrest will a (when the News you here.

Nife

rotnime much Joy as I am proud of mine.

Amintor is retir'd, Aspasia gone;
And a strange humour does posses the Town.
They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare
Things which we dare not whisper in your Ear.
The Councel met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your Pleasure in this Exigent.
This honour'd Person you might justly sear,
Were he not Loyal, and amongst us here.
They say his Merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great Melantius they will Live and Dye.

Mel. Sir, not your Pow'r, but Virtue made
(me bow;

The now the faithful It of your Subjects, we Have been the cause of all this Mutiny.

Go comfort, Sir, Amintor, while we run

To stop the Rage of this revolting Town;

And

And let them know the Happine's they have In such a Royal pair, so Just, so Brave. The Lend me your Guards, that if persuasion sail, Force may against the Mutinous prevail.

K. To the Guards: Go, and obey, with as exact

All his Commands, as if our felf were there.

Aside, He that depends upon another, must be oblige his Honour with a boundless trust.

and Lucippus.

Lesseunt King and Lucippus.

Lesseunt King and Lucippus.

How quickly (changed are

Our Wrath and Fury to a Loyal care! of the control of This drawn but now against my Soveraign's Breast, Before 'tis sheath'd, shall give him Peace and Rest.

ning wel [Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

To hop the Roge of this revolting Town;

The

The Scene changes into a Forest.

Enter Aspasia.

Asp. They say, wild Beasts inhabit here?

But Grief and Wrong secure my Fear.

Compar'd to him that does refuse,

A Tyger's kind for he purfues.

To be forsaken's worse than Torn;

And Death a leffer Ill than Scorn.

No Forrest, Cave, or Savage Den

Holds more pernicious Beafts than Men.

Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they devise,

And tell us, they are facred Tyes:

And fo they are in our esteem;

But empty Names, despis'd by them.

Women with study'd Arts they vex:

Ye Gods destroy that impious Sex.

And if there must be some to' invoke Your Powers, and make your Altars Smoke, Come down your felves, and in their Place Get a more Just and Nobler Race: Such as the Old World did adorn, When Hero's like your felves were Born. But this I wish not for Aspasia's fake; For the no God would for Amintor take. The Heart, which is our Passions Seat, Whether we will or no do's beat: And yet we may suppress our Breath: This let's us fee that Life and Death Are in our Power; but Love and Hate, Depend not on our Will, but Fate. My Love was Lawful, when 'twas Born: Their Marriage makes it Merit Scorn. Evadne's Husband 'tis a Fault To Love, a blemish to my Thought;

Yet twisted with my Life; and I That cannot faultless Live, will Dye. Oh! That fome hungry Beaft would come, And make himself Aspassa's Tomb. If none accept me for a Prey, Death must be found some other way. In colder Regions Men compose Poyson with Art; but here it grows. Not long fince, walking in the Field, My Nurse and I, we there beheld A goodly Fruit; which tempting me, I would have pluck'd; but trembling fhe, Whoever eat those Berries, cry'd, In less than half an hour Dy'd. Some God direct me to that Bough, On which those useful Berries grow!

Exit.

Enter Amintor alone.

Am. Repentance, which became Evadne fo, Would no less handsome in Amintor show. She ask'd me Pardon; but Aspasia I, Injur'd alike, fuffer to Pine and Dye. 'Tis faid, that she this dangerous Forest haunts, And in fad accents utters her complaints. If over-taken, e'er she perish, I Will gain her Pardon, or before her Dye. Not every Lady does from Virtue fall; Th' Injurious King does not possess them all. Well I deserv'd Evadne's scorn to prove. That to Ambition facrific'd my Love. Fools that confult their Avarice or Pride To chuse a Wise, Love is our noblest Guide. [Exits Enter Aspasia .alone, with a Bough full of fair! Berries.

Asp. This happy Bough shall give relief,
Not to my Hunger, but my Grief.

The

The Birds know how to chuse their fare, To peck this Fruit they all forbear. Those chearful Singers know not why They should make any hast to Dye: And yet they Couple——Can they know What 'tis to Love, and not know Sorrow too? Tis Man alone, that willing Dyes; Beafts are less Wretched, or less Wife. How Lovely these ill Berries shew! And so did false Amintor too. Heav'n would enfnare us! Who can fcape When fatal things have fuch a Shape? Nothing in vain the Gods Create, This Bough has made to haften Fate. Twas in compassion of our woe, That Nature first made Poysons grow; For hopeless Wretches such as I, Kindly providing means to Dye.

As Mothers do their Children keep, So Nature feeds, and makes us Sleep: The indispos'd she does invite To go to Bed before tis Night. Death always is to come, or past: If it be ill, it cannot last. Sure 'tis a thing was never known; For when that's present, we are gone. Tis an imaginary Line, Which does our being here confine. Dead we shall be, as when unborn; And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn. But fay we are to Live elsewhere, What has the Innocent to fear? Can I be treated worse than here? Justice from hence long fince is gone, And Reigns where I shall be anon.

Enter

Enter Amintor,

Am. 'Tis she; those fatal Berries shew

The mischief she's about to do.

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate:

Their Love's insuperable, as their Hate.

No Merit their Aversion can remove;

Nor ill requital can efface their Love.

Asp. Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free

From Paffion and from Injury.

The Living chain'd to Fortunes Wheel,

In Triumph led, her changes feel:

And Conquerors kept Poyfons by,

Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow:

But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.

Here she puts some of the Berries to her Mouth.

Amintor, strikes the Berries out of her Hand, and snatches the Bough.

build sail solin Zings od stout w vieve sam.

Am. Rash Maid, forbear; and lay those Berries Or give them him that has deserv'd to Dye. (by,

Asp. What double Cruelty is this? Would you

That made me Wretched, keep me always fo?

Evadne has you: let Aspasia have

The common refuge of a quiet Grave.

If you have kindness left, there see me laid:

To bury decently the injur'd Maid,

Is all the favour that you can bestow,

Or I receive-Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No less than you, was your Amintor wrong'd.

The false Evadne to the King belong'd.

You had my promise, and my Bed is free;

I may be yours, if you can Pardon me. (made;

Asp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple

The facred Altar Witness'd what you said.

Am. The Pow'rs above are to no place confin'd, But every where hear promises that bind.

The

The Heav'n, the Air, Earth, and the boundless Make but one Temple for the Deity, (Sea, That was a Witness to my former Vow:
None can Amintor justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no Title, but commits a Crime.

Asp.I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd
I may (alas!) be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the Port, which I almost did gain,
Shall I once more be tost into the Main?
By what new Gods, Amintor, will you Swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe;
By the same Gods, the Justice of whose Wrath
Punish'd th' infraction of my former Faith.
May every Lady an Evadne prove,
That shall divert me from Aspasia's Love.

Asp. If ever you should prove unconstant now;
I shall remember where those Berries grow.

Am.

Am. My Love was always conftant; but the King,
Melantius's Friendship, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud Evadne threw;
And made me cruel to my self, and you.
But if you still distrust my Faith, my Vow
Here in my presence I'll devour the Bough.

Asp. Snatching the Bough from him.

Rash Man, forbear! But for some unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief:
The sudden News of unexpected Bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.

Secure of my Amintor, still I sear

Evadne's mighty Friend, the King. Am. He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother.

How shall I look upon that noble Youth, so full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 341

The fair Aspassa I have injur'd too,
The guilty Author of their double woe.
My Passion gone, and reason in her Throne,
Amaz'd I see the mischies I have done.
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their And Royal kindness never comes too late: (fate, So when Heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain; Joyful and Thankful when it Smiles again.

[Taking Aspasia by the Hand.

This Knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind, And we shall both forget you were unkind.

K. May you be Happy, and your Sorrows past, Set off those Joys I wish may ever last.

Giving the Letter.

You'll have no more occasion for your Bough.

Z 4

Enter

342 The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Melantius, Sir, has let the People know How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you. The Town's appeas'd, and all the Air does ring With repetitions of Long live the King.

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joys and Thanks to shew.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love.
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle persumes.

This sacred Union has preserv'd the State;
And from all Tempests shall secure our sate;
Like a well twisted Cable, holding saft
The Anchor'd Vessel in the lowdest Blast.

EPL

EPILOGUE, Spoken by the King.

The King should live; be not more sterce than he.
Too long indulgent to so rude a Time;
When Love was held so capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head could no compassion sind;
But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those should use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.
Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
Should speak their Virtue, or describe their Rage.
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound, as well as Sense persuades.

344 The Maids Tragedy Alter'd,

And Verses are the potent Charms we use, Heroic Thoughts and Virtue to insuse.

When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, we shall be Slain.
The Innocent Aspassa's Life or Death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your Breath.
Excess of Love was heretofore the cause;
Now if we Dye, 'tis want of your applause.

R. Waller in his first Thoughts of Altering this Play, pitcht upon a design of making Evadne go among the Vestals. But considering, that the Persons in this Play are supposed to be Heathens, who never admitted any but pure Virgins among their Vestals; he changed his design. Nevertheless before he did so, he had writ the following Verses.

Walfaurann Verfe, made Princes to bed the Stage,

Should food their Vinene, or deferibe eleer Rage,

Sy the lead Tyumpet, which our Courage aids,

Medicing that Sound, in well as Soule perfuedeed

hah

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 345

Evadne. A Vestal vow'd, with Pity I look down
On the King's Love and sierce Melantius's Frown.
But here's the Sacred place, where we may have
Before we Dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that Live retired here,
Obtain like Pardon from the most severe.

Knocks at a Door.

Enter Governess.

Gov. The Great Evadne visiting our Cell!

Ev. 'Tis not to visit you; but here to dwell.

Canyou find room for one so bad as I,

That humbly begs she may among you Dye?

Gov. You that so early can correct your Thoughts,
May hope for Pardon for your greatest Faults.

Happy is she that from the World retires,
And carries with her what the World admires.

Thrice happy she, whose young thought fixt above,
While she is Lovely does to Heaven make Love.

346 The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.

I need not urge your Promise, e'er you find

Ev. My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed;

Love such as mine was, tho' a dangerous Weed,

Shews the rich Soyl, on which it grew so high,

May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.

But of all Passions, I Ambition find and Additional Hardest to banish from a Glorious Mind.

Tet Heav'n our Object made, Ambition may,

As well as Love, be turn'd a Nobler Way:

Still I ascend; it is a step above

A Prince's favour, to belong to Jove.

[They go in and the Door shuts-

Their obusy the seasons will be the self of

Enter Melantius with a Letter.

Among the Vestals! She'll corrupt them all,

And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.

The Triple Combat. For little B. L. to the C. E. M. cho. o for Roses,

NEW ENG

Then thro' the World fair Mazarine had run, Bright as her Fellow-Traveller, the Sun; Hither at length the Roman Eagle Flies. As the last Triumph of her Conqu'ring Eyes. As Heir to Julius, she may pretend A fecond time to make this Island bend. But Portsmouth, springing from the Ancient race Of Britains, which the Saxon here did Chafe, As they great Cafar did oppose, makes head, And does against this new Invader lead. That goodly Nymph, the Taller of the two, Careless and Fearless to the Field does go. Becoming blushes on the other wait, And her young Look excuses want of height. riadi.W Beauty

Beauty gives Courage; for she knows the Day Must not be won the Amazonian Way. Legions of Cupids to the Battle come, For little Britain these, and those for Rome. Dreft to advantage, this Illustrious Pair Arriv'd, for Combat in the List appear. What may the Fates design! For never yet From distant Regions two fuch Beauties met: Venus had been an equal Friend to both, And Victory to declare her felf feems loath. Over the Camp with doubtful Wings she Flies; Till Chloris shining in the Field she spies. The lovely Chloris well attended came, A thousand Graces waited on the Dame: Her matchless Form made all the English glad, And Foreign Beauties less affurance had: Yet, like the three on Ida's Top, they all Pretend alike, contesting for the Ball.

Beaut

Which to determine Love himself declin'd,
Least the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks; so thick the Arrows Fly;
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander by.
Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to Write.
They with less hazard, might look on and draw
The ruder Combats in Alsatia.
And with that soil of Violence and Rage
Set off the splendour of our Golden Age:
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter

And uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

Sufficience of an expect out to so (fways;

live of the notation and the object had

Wedge less careful, hickory with dispute your

Modell at leade, open the Stag amore bold,

in our own elocates more relicus; and anore week.

the additional more in respect runer in Prologue

Prologue for the Lady Actors.

Maze us not with that Majestick Frown: But lay aside the greatness of your Crown. And for that Look, which does your People awe, When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em Lay it by here and give a gentler smile; (Law: Such as we see great foves in Picture, while He liftens to Apollo's charming Lyre, Or judges of the Songs he does inspire. Comedians on the Stage shew all their Skill, And after do as Love and Fortune will. We are less careful, hid in this disguise; In our own Clothes more ferious, and more wife. Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold, We feem warm Lovers, tho' our Breafts be colds

A fault committed here deserves no scorn; If we act well the parts to which we're Born.

To Mr. Killegrew, upon his altering his Play Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, because not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our Age the way Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your You had oblig'd us by employing Wit, (Play, Not to Reform Pandora, but the Pit.

For as the Nightingale, without the Throng Of other Birds, alone attends her Song:

While the lowd Daw, his Throat displaying, draws

The whole affembly of his Fellow-Daws.

So must the Writer, whose productions should

Take with the Yulgar, be of Yulgar Mould:

Loud as the Trumpet of furviving Fame.

Whilst nobler Fancies make a Flight too high For common view, and lessen as they Fly.

On the Statue of King Charles the First, at Charing-Cross.

Hat the First Charles does here in Triumph (ride,

See his Son Reign where he a Martyr Dy'd;

And People pay that Reverence, as they pass,

Which then he wanted, to the Sacred Brass;

Is not th' effect of Gratitude alone;

To which we owe the Statue and the Stone.

But Heav'n this lasting Monument has wrought,

That Mortals may Eternally be Taught;

Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;

And Kings so kill'd rise Conquerors again.

This Truth the Royal Image does Proclaim,

Loud as the Trumpet of surviving Fame.

On the D. of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland, in the Summer Solstice, 1678.

His Pame, his Conduct, and that Martin Look

With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to Execute the King's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd that Northern Land,
Where Day contending with approaching Night,
Affifts the Hero with continu'd Light.

On Foes furpriz'd, and by no Night concealed,
He might have rush'd, but noble Pity held
His Hand a while, and to their Choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Canon louder spoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro' that Cloud he

His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The Guilty Scotch with such a Terror strook;
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had resus'd to yield.
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britains should be lost;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the Flyers, than to win the Field:
And at the Court his interest does employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should Dye.

And now these rash bold Men their Error sind,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind;
One whose great Mind, so Bountiful and Brave,
Had learnt the Art to Conquer and to Save.

In Vulgar Breafts no Royal Virtues dwell,
Such deeds as these his high Extraction tell;
And give a secret Joy to him that Reigns,
To see his Blood Triumph in Monmouth's Veins:

To

upon several Occasions. 355

To fee a Leader, whom he got and chose,

Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.

But feeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat

With scorching Rays, on all that's high and great:

This, ill requited Monmouth, is the Bough

The Muses send to shade thy Conqu'ring Brow.

Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present blaze;

But Time and Thunder pay respect to Bays.

Achilles Arms dazle our present View.

Kept by the Muse as Radiant and as New, with

As from the Forge of Vulcan first they came;

Thousands of years are past, and they the same

Such care she takes, to pay Desert with Fame:

Than which no Monarch, for his Crowns defence

Knows how to give a Nobler Recompence.

70Then Larett Chloris a Anfort take,

for his, your own, and or our fake;

Are, that the Myraph flieded melt in Tears.

To fee a Leader, whom he got and chose,

With Corchine Rays on all that's high and

Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the Earl of Rochester.

Hus Mourn the Muses, on the Herse, and Not strowing Tears, but lasting Verse;

Which so preserve the Hero's Name;

They make him Live again in Fame.

Chloris in Lines so like his own,

Gives him so just and high Renown:

That she th' Afflicted World relieves;

And shews; that still in her he Lives.

And shews; that still in her he Lives.

Ally'd in Genius, as in Blood, on so don't man't

Are, that the Nymph should melt in Tears.

OThen fairest Chloris, Comfort take,

For his, your own, and for our sake;

Least

Leaft his fair Soul, that Lives in you,
Should from the World for ever go.

Reflection on these Words,

Pride was not made for Man.

But base Caligula, when on the Throne,
Boundless in Pow'r, would make a himself a God;
As if the World depended on his Nod.
The Syrian King to Beasts was headlong thrown,
E're to himself he could be mortal known. (Line
The meanest Wretch, if Heav'n should give him
Would never stop, till he were thought Divine.
All might within discern the Serpents Pride,
If from our selves our selves did nothing hide,
Let the proud Peacock his gay Feathers spread,
And wooe the Female to his painted Bed.

Let Winds and Seas together Rage and Swell,
This Nature teaches, and becomes 'em well.
Pride was not made for Man: a conscious Sense
Of Guilt, and Folly, and their consequence
Destroys the Claim; and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of Manhood, dwells.

Houndlessin Lowers was an included; Acide to the Tirone, a Boundlessin Lowers was a limber a God;

onole duoy attenderies Youth alone,

The year and a subject of the superal known. (Line

nulving blood in west in stoom Westerness and

onivity of the read the political countries of the contributions.

pobled seasons of the Supenses Leder

Lacidic proud Perspekting gay Postkers Spread,

and woos the Female to the painted link.

Translated out of French.

Ade Flowers, fade, Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our Autumn do:
And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
The loss alone by those that Lov'd them sound;
So in the Grave shall we as quiet lye,
Mist by some sew, that lov'd our Company.
But some, so like to Thorns and Nettles, Live;
That none for them, can, when they perish, grieve.

Some Verses of an Imperfect Copy, defign'd for a Friend on his Translation of Ovid's Fasti.

R Ome's Holy-days you tell, as if a Guest With the old Romans you were wont to seast-Numa's Religion by themselves believ'd, Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.

They

They made the Nations round about 'em bow, With their Dictators taken from the Plough:
Such Pow'r has Justice, Faith and Honesty;
The World was Conquer'd by Mortality.

Seeming Devotion does but guild a Knave,
That's neither Faithful, Honest, Just, nor Brave:
But where Religion does with Virtue joyn,
It makes a Hero, like an Angel shine.

Of the late Invasion and Defeat of the Turks, &c.

HE Modern Nimrod, with a fafe Delight
Perfuing Beafts, that fave themselves by
(Flight,

Grown Proud, and Weary of his wonted Game, Would Christians chase, and Sacrifice to Fame.

A Prince with Eunuch's and the softer Sex Shut up so long, would Warlike Nations Vex;

Ther-

Provoke

Provoke the German, and neglecting Heaven,

Forget the Truce for which his Oath was given.

His Grand Visier prefuming to invest,

The chief Imperial City of the West;

With the first Charge compell'd in hast to rife,

His Treasure, Tents, and Canon left a Prife:

The Standard loft, and Janifaries Slain,

Render the hopes he gave his Mafter, vain.

The Flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,

Renew the Memory of his Fathers Doom;

And his Guard Murmurs, that so often brings

Down from the Throne their unfuccessful Kings.

The Trembling Sultan's forc't to expiate,

His own ill Conduct by anothers Fate:

The Grand Visier, a Tyrant tho' a Slave,

A fair Example to his Master gave;

He Bassa's Heads, to save his own may Fly,

And now, the Sultan to preserve must Dye.

The

The fatal Bow-string was not in his Thought,
When breaking Truce, he so unjustly Fought;
Made the World tremble with a numerous Hoast,
And of undoubted Victory did boast.
Strangled he lyes! Yet seems to cry aloud
To warn the Mighty, and instruct the Proud;
That of the Great neglecting to be Just,
Heav'n in a Moment makes an heap of Dust.
The Turks solow; why should the Christians
(loose

Such an advantage of their Barbarous Foes?

Neglect their present Ruin to compleat,

Before another Solyman they get?

Too late they would with shame, repenting,

(dread

That numerous Herd by fuch a Lyon lead.

He, Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,

Which timely Union might again restore.

But sparing Turks, as if with Rage possess,
The Christians Perish by themselves oppress.
Cities and Provinces so dearly won,
That the Victorious People are undone.

What Angel shall descend to reconcile

The Christian States, and end their Guilty Toyl?

A Prince more sit from Heav'n we cannot ask,

Than Britain's King sor such a Glorious task:

His dreadful Navy, and his lovely Mind,

Gives him the Fear and Favour of Mankind.

His Warrant does the Christian Faith desend;

On that relying all their Quarrels end.

The Peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,

What Rome had saught from her sierce Sons in vain.

In Battles won, Fortune a part doth Claim,

And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame:

And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame:

In this fuccessful Union we find

Only the Triumph of a worthy Mind:

Tis all accomplishe by his Royal Word,
Without unsheathing the destructive Sword;
Without a Tax upon his Subjects laid,
Their Peace disturbed, their Plenty of their Trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the Greatest Kings comply?
The Arts of Peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way be marched into the Throne:

This happy way he march'd into the Throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the Sword,
The wisht return of so Benign a Lord. (grac'd

Charles by old Greece, with a new Freedom
Above her Antique Heroes shall be plac'd.

What Thefew did, or Theban Hercules

Holds no compare with this Victorious Peace;

Which on the Turks shall greater Honour gain,

Than all their Giants and their Monsters Slain.

Those are bold Tales, in fabulous Ages told;

This Glorious Act the Living do behold. and yind

A Panegyrick, &c. to O. Cromwell.

also bird eals another commission and sell

WHile with a strong and yet a gentle Hand;
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts com-

Protect us from our selves, and from our Foe,
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too:
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign,
And own no Liberty, but when they may
Without Controll upon their Fellows Prey.

Above the Waves as Neptune show'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race:
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition tossing us, represt.
Your Drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State:

some?

The Seat of Empire; where the Irish come, And the unwilling Scot, to fetch their Doom.

The Sea's our own; and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet:
Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heaven, that has plac'd this Island to give Law;
To Ballance Europe, and her States to awe:
In this Conjunction does on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent

By the Rude Ocean from the Continent;

Or thus Created: fure it was design'd

To be the Sacred Resuge of Mankind.

Hither the Oppressed shall henceforth resort

Justice to crave, and Succour at your Court:

And then your Highness, not for ours alone,

But for the Worlds Protector shall be known:

Fame,

upon several Occasions.

367

Fame, swifter than your Winged Navy, Flies
Through every Land, that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News,
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest, Might hope to raise her Head above the rest:

What may be thought impossible to do,

For us embraced by the Sea and you?

Lords of the World's great wast, the Ocean, we

Whole Forests send to Reign upon the Sea:

And every Coast may trouble or relieve;

But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,

That none can at our Happy Seat arrive:

While we descend, at Pleasure to invade

The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that amidst the Ambient Ocean set,

Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves;
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As Egypt does not on the Clouds rely,
But to her Nile owes more than to the Sky;
So whatfoe'er our Earth and Heav'n denies,
Our ever conftant Friend the Sea supplies.

The tast of hot Arabia's Spice we know,

Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.

Without that heat, in Persian Silk we shine;

And without Planting, Drink of every Vine.

To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;

Gold, tho' the heaviest Mettal, hither swims.

Ours is the Harvest, where the Indians Mow;

We Plow the Deep, and reap what others Sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;

Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.

Rome, tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown,

Could never make this Island all her own:

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too; France Conquering, Henry flourisht, and now you; For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian State, Till Alexander came to urge their Fate. When for more Worlds the Macedonian cry'd, He wist not Thetis in her Lap did hide Another yet, a World reserv'd for you, To make more great than that he did fubdue. He fafely might old Troops to Battle lead, Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede; Whose hasty Flight did from a bloodless Field, More Spoils than Honour to the Victor yield. A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold, The Caledonians Arm'd with Want and Cold, Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame, Been from all Ages kept for you to Tame. Whom the old Roman Wall fo ill confin'd,

With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind:

Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come;
Our English Iron holds them fast at home.
They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow;
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place:
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they Rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Distators made, when they came home,
Their vanquisht Foes Free Citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like Fate,
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State.
Whilst by your Valour, and obliging Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea are joyn'd.

Holland to gain our Friendship is content.

To be our Out-guard on the Continent:

She from her Fellow Provinces would go,

Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

upon several Occasions.

In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse (Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News; Our Neighbours then did Tremble at the Roar:

But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never failing Sword made War to cease;

And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace:

Our Minds with Bounty, and with Awe Engage;

Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.

Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battles won.

Than in restoring such as are undone:

Tygers have Courage, and the Rugged Bear;

But Man alone can when he Conquers, spare.

To Pardon willing, and to Punish loath:

You strike with one Hand; but you heal with both:

Lifting up all that Prostrate lye, you grieve

You cannot make the Dead again to Live.

When Fate of Error had our Rage missed,

And o'er these Nations such Consusion spread:

Bb 3

The

The only Cure, which could from Heav'n come (down,

Was fo much Power and Clemency in One: One whose Extraction from a Noble Line, Gives Hopes again that Well-born Men may shine; The meanest in your Nature, Mild and Good; The Noblest Rest secured in your Blood. Much have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace, A Mind proportion'd to fuch things as these: How fuch a Ruling Spirit you could restrain; And Practice first over your self to Reign. Your Private Life did a Just Pattern give, How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Men should live. Born to Command, your Princely Virtue Slept. Like Humble David, whilst the Flock he kept: But when your troubled Country call'd you (forth;

Your flaming Courage and your matchless worth.

Dazzling

Dazzling the Eyes of all that did pretend,

To fierce Contention gave a Prosperous end.

Still as you rife, the State exalted too;

Finds no Distemper, while 'tis chang'd by you;

Chang'd like the Worldsgreat Scene, when with-

sion tuo) e had ours, white ver their Pawer was

The Rifing Sun Night's Vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory

Run, with amazement we should read the Story:

But living Virtue (all Atchievements paft)

Meets Envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cafar found, and that ungrateful Age,

Which lofing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.

Mistaken Brutus thought to break the Yoke;

But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke. bak

That Sun once Set, a thousand meaner Stars

Gave a Dim Light to Violence and Wars:

To

To such a Tempest as now threatens all,

Did not your Mighty Arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great Senate could not weild the Sword,

Which of the Conquer'd World had made them

What hope had ours, while yet their Power was

To Rule Victorious Armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,

Could Order, Teach, and their high Spirits com-

To every Duty could their Minds engage;
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lyon shakes his dreadful Mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain,
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast;
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

Then

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace.
Your Battles they hereafter shall Endite,
And draw the Image of our Mars in Fight;
Tell of Towns Storm'd, of Armies over-run,
And Mighty Kingdoms by your Conquest won:
How while you thundred, Clouds of Dust did
(Choak

Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.

Illustrious Acts high Raptures do Insuse;

And ev'ry Conqueror Creates a Muse.

Here in low strains your milder Deeds we Sing:
But then (my Lord) we'll Bays and Olive bring,
To crown your Head; while you in Triumph ride
O'er Nations Conquer'd, and the Sea beside:
While all the Neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's Sheaves, pay Reverence and bow.

Upon

Upon the Death of O. C.

E must resign; Heav'n his great Soul mission seeds he lovege of our Mars in Fig

In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame:

His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle;

And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.

About his Palace their broad Roots are toft

Into the Air: So Romulus was lost.

New Rome in fuch a Tempest mist her King;

And from obeying, fell to Worshipping.

On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay Dead,

With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.

Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent:

Our Dying Hero from the Continent, (reft,

Ravish'd whole Towns; and Forts from Spaniards

As his last Legacy to Britain lest.

BANTO

The

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confind,
Could give no Limits to his vaster Mind:
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil;
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle.
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils, he did us difingage;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And with wife Conduct, to his Country show'd,
Their Antient way of Conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then! If we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to fee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her felf, took notice of his Death;
And fighing, fwell'd the Sea with fuch a Breath:
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd
The approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

EPILOGUE;

Defign'd upon the first alteration of the Play; when the King only was left alive.

A Spasia Bleeding on the Stage does lye,

To shew you still tis the Maids Tragedy.

The fierce Melantius, &c. as before, to

the Killer had been kind.

This better patur'd Poet had repriev'd

Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd.

The fairer Sex his Pardon could approve

Who to Ambition facrific'd his Love.

Aspasiahe has Spar'd; but for her Wound,

Neglected Love, there could no Salve be found.

When next we act this Tragedy again,

Unless you like the Change, I must be Slain.

Excess of Love was heretofore the Cause;

Now if I dye, 'tis want of your Applause.

EPT

The Mad hails tound proplics

Epitaph on the Lady Sidly.

Ere lyes the learned Savil's Heir, So early Wife, and lasting Fair; whole That none, except her years they told, Thought her a Child, or thought her Old. All that her Father knew or got. His Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot: And she so well improved that Stock; Both of his Knowledge and his Flock; That Wit and Fortune reconciled, most bergmex H In her, upon each other fmil'd. I livio no lla ni Whilst she to ev'ry well taught Mind. hoose Was so propitiously inclin'd; unoMass over your And gave such Title to her store, That none, but th' Ignorant, were Poor.

bnA

380 POEMS

The Muses daily found supplies Both from her Hands, and from her Eyes. Her Bounty did at once engage, And matchless Beauty warm their Rage. Such was this Dame in calmer days, Her Nations Ornament and Praise. Lbas none. But, when a Storm diffurb'd our Rest, Manual I The Port and Refuge of th' opprest. This made her Fortune understood, and MARIE And look'd on as fome public good. So that, her Person and her State Exempted from the common Fate, In all our civil Fury she 'addo days nogh , assi al Stood, like a Sacred Temple, free. May here her Monument stand so, mong of 25 W To credit this rude Age; and show To future times, that even we Some Patterns did of Virtue fee:

And one fublime Example had Of good among so many bad.

Epitaph, unfinished.

ReatSoul, for whom death will no longer stay
But sends in hast to snatch our Bliss away.
O cruel Death! To those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched Mortals lest behind!
Here Beauty, Youth and noble Virtue shin'd,
Free from the Clouds of Pride that shade the Mind.
Inspired Verse may on this Marble live,
But can no Honour to thy Ashes give.

Merthe rich Circ forthwith homelted down,

smos the first by daying him a Crown.

Some Verses belonging to a Copy in the First Part of his Poems, entitled, Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea: The Close of it was Originally thus.

With Lawrels in his Hand and half

Let the brave Generals divide that Bough,
Our great Protector hath such Wreaths enough.
His conquering Head has no more room for Bays:
Then let it be. as the glad Nation prays,
Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

With

With Ermin clad and Purple, let him hold

A Royal Scepter, made of Spanish Gold.

On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after he was Dead.

This Copy is Printed Imperfectly in the first part of his Poems.

A S gather'd Flowers, whilst their Wounds (are new,

Look gay and fresh, as on the Stalk they grew;
Torn from the Root that nourisht 'em, a while,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they smile;
And in the Hand, which rudely pluckt 'em, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow:
So Love and Beauty still that visage Grace,
Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted place;

Cc Alive

384 SPOEMS

Alive the Hand of Crooked Age had marr'd.

Those lovely features, which cold Death has

(spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in Love so well,
When his high Passion he had Breath to tell,
When that accomplish'd Soul in this fair Frame,
No business had but to persuade that Dame:
Whose mutual Love advanc'd the Youth so high,
That, but to Heav'n, he could no higher Fly.

To Mr. Creech, on his Translation of Lucretius.

Hat all Men wisht, the few cou'd hope (to see,

We are now bleft with, and oblig'd by Thee.

Thou from the Ancient Learned Latin store,
Giv'st us one Author, and we hope for more.

May

upon several Occasions.

May they enjoy thy Thoughts-Let not the Stage,
The Idl'st Moment of thy Hours engage.

Each year that place some wondrous Monster
(Breeds,

And the Wits Garden is o're-run with Weeds. There Farce is Comedy, Bombast call'd Strong; Soft words, with nothing in 'em, make a Song. 'Tis hard to say they Steal 'em now adays, For sure the Ancients never wrote such Plays. These scribbling Insects have what they deserve, Not Plenty, nor the Glory for to Starve. That Spencer knew, That Tasso selt before, And Death sound surly Ben exceeding Poor. Heaven turn the Omen from their Image here, May he with Joy the well-plac'd Lawrel wear: Great Virgil's happier Fortune may he find, And be our Casar, like Angustus, kind.

But

386 POEMS

But let not this diffurb thy tuneful Head,
Thou writ'st for thy Delight, and not for Bread;
Thou art not Curst to write thy Verse with care,
But art above what other Poets sear.

What may we not expect from such a Hand,
That has with Books, Himself at free Command?
Thou know'st in Youth, what Age has sought in
(vain,

And bring'st forth Sons without a Mothers Pain:
So easie is thy Sense, thy Verse so sweet,
Thy Words so proper, and thy Phrase so sit,
We read, and read again, and still admire
Whence came this Youth, and whence this won(d'rous Fire.

Pardon this Rapture, Sir; but who can be Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?

Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,

And by your help these wretched lines may Live:

But

But if when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the Light,
Let them with speed in deserv'd Flames be thrown,
They'll send no sight, nor murmur out a Groan,
But Dying silently your Justice own.

Of Tea, commended by Her Majesty.

Tea both excels, which she vouch fafes to praise.

The best of Queens, and best of Herbs we owe,

To that bold Nation, which the Way did shew

To the fair Region, where the Sun does rise;

Whose rich Productions we so justly prise.

The Muses Friend, Tea, does our Fancy aid;

Repress those Vapours, which the Head invade:

And keeps that Palace of the Soul serene,

Fit on her Birth-day to salute the Queen.

To Chloris.

But if when view'd by your leveler fi

They'll text actions nor murrau our

The two following Copies are in the Edition Printed 1645.

Must for some cause be valued so;
Things without use, tho' they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early Rose made to display
Her blushes to the Youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is Fair,
And Courts her with a gentle Air.
Our Stars do shew their Excellence,
Not by their Light, but Instuence;

nedWe har Burth-day to Thing the Queen.

When brighter Comets, fince still known

Fatal to all, are lik'd by none:

So your admired Beauty still,

Is by effects made Good or Ill.

Madam, well and the was wheelenni bol.

A S in some Climes, the warmer Sun

Makes it full Summer e'er the Spring's

(begun,

And with ripe Fruit the bending Boughs can load,
Before the Violets dare look abroad:
So measure not by any common use,
The early Love your brighter Eyes produce.
When lately your fair Hand, in Womans Weed,
Wrapt my glad Head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow,
Out of those savours you afford me now;
That I might ever such Indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think your self too kind.

Cc 4

Who

Who now I fear while I these joys express, Begin to think how you may make them less; The found of Love makes your foft Heart affraid, And guard it felf, though but a Child invade; And innocently at your white Breast throw A Dart as white, a Ball of new faln Snow.

An Epigram

On a Painted Lady with ill Teeth.

Ere Men fo dull they could not fee That Lyce Painted, should they Flee. Like simple Birds into a Net, So grofly Woven and ill fet; Her own Teeth would undo the knot, And let all go that she had got.

He mov krists to the for to Those

Those Teeth fair Lyce must not show, If she would bite: Her Lovers, though Like Birds they stoop at seeming Grapes, Are disabus'd, when first she gapes; The rotten Bones discover'd there, Show 'tis a Painted Sepulcher.

wien for four support to which they have

a State of the Country of the Countr

Mr. WALLER's Speech to the House of Commons, April 22.

Thole Teach fair Lycamall not flow

Show Justa Painted Sepuicher.

Mr. Speaker,

Will use no Preface, as they do who prepare Men for some thing in which they have a particular Interest: I will only propose what I conceive sit for the House to consider: and shall be no more concerned in the Event, than they that shall hear me.

Two things I observe in his Majesty's Demands.

First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy dispatch thereof.

Touching the First: His Majesty's Occasions for Money are but too evident. For, to say nothing, how we are neglected abroad, and distracted at home; the Calling of this Parliament, and our Sitting here (an Effect which no light Cause could in these times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable Man believe, That the Exchequer abounds not so much in Money

Money, as the State does in Occasions to tife it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to disfuade his Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let Him see, it is as ready, and more safe for the Advancement of His Affairs; than any New, or pretended Old, way whatfoever.

For the speedy Dispatch required, which was the Second thing, not only his Majesty, but Res Ipsa loquitur; the occasion seems to importune no less: Necessity is come upon us like an Arm-

ed Man.

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Yet the use of Parliaments heretosore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to advise with His Majesty of things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the Custom of Parliaments, by good and wholfom Laws to refresh the Commonwealth in general; yea and to descend into the Remedies of particular Grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, That the last Acts are for the free Gifts of Subsidies on the Peoples part, and General Pardons on the King's part. Even the wifest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their Defigns, and the Reasons thereof; and then demanded the Asfistance, both of their Council and Purses. But Physicians, though they be called of the latest, must

must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the Cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon Circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter Wounds. Let us do, what possibly may be done with Reason and Honesty on our parts, to comply with His Majesty's Desires, and to prevent the imminent Ills

which threaten us.

But confider (Mr. Speaker) that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in Danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the Trust of those that fent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own Defence and Safety; unless His Majesty be pleased, first to restore them to the Propriety of their Goods and Lawful Liberties, whereof they esteem themselves now out of Possession. One need not tell you, That the Propriety of Goods is the Mother of Courage, and the Nurse of Industry, makes us valiant in War, and Good-husbands in Peace. The Experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present Observation of the care the Country has had to choose Persons of Worth and Courage, makes me think this House like the Spartans, whose forward Valour required some softer Musick to allay and quiet their Spirits,

to the House of Commons. 395

fruments. 'Tis not the fear of Imprisonment, or, if need be, of Death it felf, that can keep a true-hearted English Man from the care to leave this part of his Inheritance as entire to Posterity, as he received it from his Ancestors.

This therefore let us first do, and the more fpeedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply; let us give new Force to the many Laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our Rights and Privileges, and endeavour to restore this Nation to the Fundamental, and Vital Liberties, the Propriety of our Goods and the Freedom of our Persons: No way doubting, but we shall find His Majesty as gracious and ready, as any of his Royal Progenitors have been, to grant our just Desires therein. For not only the People do think, but the Wisest do know, That what we have fuffered in this long Vacancy of Parliaments, we have fuffered from his That the Person of no King was ever better beloved of his People; and that no People were ever more unfatisfied with the Ways of levying Moneys, are Two Truths which may ferve one to Demonstrate the other: For such is their Aversion to the present Courses, That neither the admiration they have of His-Majesty's native Inclinations to Justice and Clemency, nor the pretended Confent of the Judges, could make

make them willingly submit themselves to this late Tax of Ship-Money. And such is their natural Love and just Esteem of his Majesty's Goodness, That no late Pressure could provoke them, nor any Example invite them to Disloy-

alty or Disobedience.

But what is it then, that hath bred this Mifunderstanding betwixt the King and his People? How is it, that having fo good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of the Son of Solomon, that he was a Prince of a tender Heart; and yet we see, by the Advice of violent Counsellors, how rough an Answer he gave to his People. That his Finger should be as heavy as his Father's Loins, was not his own, but the Voice of some Persons about him, that wanted the Gravity and Moderation requisite for the Counsellors of a Young King. I love not to press Allegories too far; but the Resemblance of Job's Story with ours holds fo well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his Enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him; and yet he was not provoked to rebel, fo much as with his Tongue; though he had no very good Example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he fuffer'd. I hope his Majesty will imitate God in the benigner Part too; and as he was severe

to Job only while he discoursed with another concerning him; but when he vouchfafed to speak himself to him, began to rebuke those. who had mistaken and mis-judged his Case, and to restore the patient Man to his former Prosperity: So now, that his Majesty hath admitted us to His Presence, and spoken Face to Face with us; I doubt not but we shall see fairer Days, and be as Rich in the Possession of our own as ever we were. It was sent and assist afternoon

I wonder at those who seem to doubt the Success of this Parliament, or that the Mif-understanding between the King and his People should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesty's Wants are not so great, but that we may find means to supply him: Nor our Defires fo unreasonable, or so incompatible with Government, but that his Majesty may well satisfie them. For our late Experience, I hope, will teach us what Rocks to shun, and how necessary the use of Moderation is. And for His Majesty, he has had Experience enough, how that prospers, which is gotten without the concurrent Good Will of his People: Never more Money taken from the Subject; never more want in the Exchequer. If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the People of England were wont to pay in fuch a time: If we look upon what has been effected therewith.

it shews as if never King had been worse supplyed. So that we feem to have endeavoured the filling of a Sieve with Water. Whofoever gave Advice for these Courses, has made good the saying of the Wife Man, Qui conturbat Domum suam possidebit Ventum. By new ways they think to accomplish Wonders; but in truth they grasp the Wind, and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For if the Common-wealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want, nor do amis; so as he govern not according to the Interest of others, but go the shortest, and the safest Ways, to his own, and the Common Good.

The Kings of this Nation have always governed by Parliament: And if we look upon the Success of things fince Parliaments were laid by,

it resembles that of the Grecians,

late Wxperience, I hone. Ex illo fluere & retrò sublapsa referri
Res Danaum-Majelly, he has hind Experience enough, bown

especially on the Subjects Part. For though the King hath gotten little, they have lost all.

But His Majesty shall hear the Truth from us; and we shall make appear the Errors of those Divines, who would perfuade us, that a Monarch must be Absolute, and that he may do all things ad libitum; receding not only from their

Text (though that be a wandring too) but from the way their own Profession might teach them. State Super Vias antiquas, and Remove not the Ancient Bounds and Land-marks which our Fathers have fet. If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws, then can no King in Chris fendom be so; for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian. And we ask no more; for to this Pillar are our Privileges fixt, our Kings at their Coronation taking a facred Oath not to in-

fringe them.

I am forry these Men take no more care to gain our Belief of those things, which they tell us for our Souls Health; while we know them fo manifestly in the wrong, in that which concerns the Liberties and Privileges of the Subjects of England: But they gain Preferment; and then 'tis no matter, though they neither believe themfelves, nor are believed by others. But fince they are fo ready to let loofe the Consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our Protection against this Pulpit-Law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this Opinion is, or rather this way of rising, even among themfelves. For Mr. Hooker, who fure was no refractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, That the first Government was Arbitrary, till it was found, that to live by one Man's Will, became the

the Cause of all Mens Misery: (these are his Words) concluding, That this was the Original of inventing Laws. And if we look further back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom have often been the Mediators between the King and His Subjects, to present and pray redrefs of their Grievances: And had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence

from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wifer than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government. The King must be a more Absolute Monarch, than any of his Predecessors; and to them he must owe it: Though in the mean time, they hazard the Hearts of his People; and involve him in a Thousand Difficulties. For, suppose this Form of Government were inconvenient, and yet this is but a Supposition, for these Five hundred Years it hath not only maintained us in Safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations; but, I fay, suppose they have another Idea of one more convenient: We all know how dangerous Innovations are; though to the better, and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprize the change of a long establisht Government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to fucceed in fthis happy Race; Why should so Pious and so Good a King be exposed to this Trouble and Hazard? Besides,

Besides, that Kings so diverted can never do any great Matter abroad. The land vol au ni

But while these Men have thus bent their Wits against the Laws of their Country; whether they have neglected their own Province, and what Tares are grown up in the Rield which they should have tilled, I leave it to a fecond Confideration: Not but that Religion ought to be the first thing in our Purposes and Desires: but that which is first in Dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For Well-Being fupposes a Being; and the first Impediment, which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto Adam Maintenance of Life, and gave him a Title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe. And let me tell you, if our Adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties; so there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon Freedom.

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House will confider of, shall be the restoring this Nation in general to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Propriety of our Goods, and Freedom of our Persons: And that then we will forthwith

consider of the Supply desired.

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And

402 Mr. Waller's Speech, &c.

And thus we shall discharge the Trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither. His Majesty will see, that we make more than ordinary hast to satisfy his Demands: And we shall let all those know, that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give Interruption to the former.

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Mr. Waller's Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houses in the Painted Chamber, July 6. 1641.

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MY LORDS,

Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice Crawley, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the Sense of that House, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Here the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and Judgment given for Ship-Money; and afterward, a Declaration in his Charge at an Assize, That Ship-Money was so Inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of a Parliament to take it away.

MT LORDS, Not only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Imployment; for though it has not been my happiness to have the Law 2 part of my Breeding, there is no Dd 3 Man

Man honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the Grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordships were not affifted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being stiled Parliamentum indoctorum. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the Malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed, so (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these Brothers of the Coyf are become fratres in malo; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whose Charge you last heard) in one Expression of his, excels no less his Fellows, than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-Money, and those extrajudicial Opinions preceding the fame (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard, how unjust and pernicious a Proceeding that was in fo publick a Caufe, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships; but this Man adding Despair to our Misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right fo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein-(my Lords) he did not only give as deep a Wound to the Commonwealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, Cure. As by those abortive Opinions, subscribing to the Subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own; so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the Power of a Parliament, the only place where this Mischief might be redress'd: Sure he is more Wise and Learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore, no doubt, but by saying no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his meaning was, that this

Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-Money springing from a pretended Necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which diffolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to His Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune; for fo undoubted a Truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the Confusion which Necessity produces, that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, Pareamus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant: This Judgethen having in his charge at the Affize. declar'd the dissolution of the Law, by this fup-D d 4 pos'd

406 SPEECHES

pos'd Necessity, with what Conscience could he at the same Affize, proceed to condemn and punish Men, unless perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation, that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the Earth ferve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us. But (my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a suppositious impos'd Necessity, and fuch as they could remove when they pleas'd; at the last Convention in Parliament, a Price was set upon it, for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence: It may be faid that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity, but here was a Rate fet upon future Necessity; for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer Necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment. Here this Mystery is revealed, this Vizor of Necessity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies, to be levied on your Lordships, and the Commons. Certainly, there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject, and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of fitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than your Affistants, have not only affum'd to themselves this Privilege of Parliament, but prefum'd at once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of England do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this Man has had the boldness to put the Power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lord-Thips to observe by way of comparison, the solemn and fafe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch in the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House. and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that'tis like Gold feven times purified: Whereas, these Judges by this one resolution of theirs, would perfwade His Majesty, that by naming Necessity, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and Propriety of the Subject; a strange force (my Lords) in the found of this word Necessity, that like a Charm it should silence the Laws, while we are dispoyl'd of all we have, for that but a part of our goods was taken is owing to the grace and goodness of the King, for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more lest than they perhaps may deferve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed Judgment upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick trust, which for the conservation of our Laws was reposed in them.

Now

408 SPEECHES

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this Judgment, you may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to feeth a Kid, in his Mothers Milk; of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preservation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greateft glory above other Nations, and how barbaroully would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wall away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the propriety we have therein, making the fupply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruin of our Nation; for obferve. I befeech you, the fruit and confequence of this judgment, how this Money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it: On every County a Ship is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Hords) the daily complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the Soveraignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at Algier, (being between four or five thousand of our Country Men) it does too evidently appear that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad; fo far has this Judgment been Now

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been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity, that as it changed our real Propriety into the shadow of a Propriety, so of

a feigned it has made a Real Necessity.

A little before the approach of the Gauls to Rome, while the Romans had yet no apprehenfion of that danger, there was heard a Voice in the Air, lowder than ordinary, The Gauls are come, which Voice after they had Sack'd the City, and Besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that Livy relates it as a Prodigy: This Anticipation of Necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us: These Judges, like ill boding Birds, have call'd Necessity upon the State in a time, when I dare fay, they thought themselves in greatest security; but if it seem Superstitious to take this as an Omen, fure I am, we may look on it as a cause of the unseigned necessity we now suffer, for what regret and discontent had this judgment bred among us? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next dwellers either kindly to appeale, or to make their own use of domestick strife; so in all likelihood our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to Invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms.

And here, My Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had up on the Antient Reputation

and Valour of the English Nation: And no wonder, for if it be true that oppression makes a Wise

Man Mad, it may well suspend the Courage of . the Valiant: The same happened to the Romans, when for renown in Arms, they most excell'd the rest of the World; the story is but short, 'twas in the time of the Decemviri (and I think the chief troublersof our State may make up that number,) The Decemviri, My Lords, had fubverted the Laws, Suspended the Courts of Justice, and which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament: This, fays the Historian, did not only deject the Romans, and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbours: The Sabines take the advantage and invade them; and now the Decemviri are forc'd to call the long defired Senate whereof the People were fo glad, that Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt: This Assembly breaks up in discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds; Forces are raised, led by some of the Decemviri, and with the Sabines they meet in the Field: I know your Lordships expect the event: My Authors words of his Country Men are these, Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemviro-

They thanked their Enem is the work
They thanked their Enem is the work
They thanked their Enem is the conquered that
nothing might prosper under the auspews of the

rum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur, They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to consirm the Tyranny of their new Masters; At their return

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from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the People, another Senate, that is, a fecond Parliament, is eall'd, and there the Decemviri are questioned, deprived of their Authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some lose their Lives; and soon after this vindication of their Liberties, the Romans by their better fuccess, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited People; 'tis not the Restitution of our Antient Laws alone, but the Restauration of our Antient Courage which is expected from your Lordships: I need not fay any thing to move your just indignation, that this Man should so Cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, though with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with Labour you may do with eafe, what they did with danger you may do fecurely: The Foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blafted with the breath of these Men, and by your breath they may be restored.
What Judgments your Predecessors have

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have suffered for offences of this Nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those Precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his offence.

His Education in the Inns of Court, his conftant practice as a Councellour, and his experience as a Judge (confidered with the mischief he has done) makes it appear that this Progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spy through a Country, into which he

meant to conduct an Enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company, there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordships savour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: For if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his opinion, That your Votes and Resolutions against Ship money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine.

Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad ar as In Tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit: He has cropt and infring'd the Privileges of a banish'd Parliament, but now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Establishment of our Laws; and in truth what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm by his Example those Rights and Liberties which he

had ruin'd by his Opinion?

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For the proofs, myLords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition; his Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, Exore suo judicabitur. To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, and Citizens, and Burgesses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice Crawley, as the course of Parliament will permit.

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Mr. Waller's Speech in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, July 4. 1643.

Being brought to the Bar, and having leave given him by the Speaker, to fay what he could for himself, before they proceeded to expel him the House.

Mr. Speaker,

Acknowledge it a great Mercy of God, and a great Favour from you, that I am once more fuffered to behold this Honourable Affembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own Desence, by Justification or Denyal of what I have done: I have already confessed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble Request to you is, that if I seem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to my self, I may have the Honour to receive my Death from your own Hands, and not

be exposed to a Tryal by the Council of War: Whatever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any

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This (Sir) I hope you will be pleased for your own fakes to grant me, who am already fo miferable, that nothing can be added to my Calamity, but to be made the Occasion of creating a Prefident to your own Disadvantage; besides the right I may have to this, confider I befeech you, that the Eyes of the World are upon you; you Govern in Chief, and if you should expose your own Members to the Punishment of others, it will be thought that you either want Power, or Leifure to chastise them your selves: Nor let any Man despise the ill Consequence of such a President as this would be, because he seeth not prefently the Inconveniences which may enfue: You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have occasion to use them. Soldiers and Commanders (though I know well they of the Parliaments Army, excel no less in Modesty than they do in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the utmost Power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt, upon any occasion of Discontent, to make use of such a Prefident as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without some taste of the experience hereof; it is now somewhat more than two years fince you had an Army in the North, paid and directed directed by your selves, and yet you may be pleased to remember there was a considerable number of Officers in that Army, which joyned in a Petition or Remonstrance to this House, taking notice of what some of the Members had said here, as they supposed, to their Disadvantage, and did little less than require them of you; 'tis true there had been some tampering with them, but what has happen'd at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the Danger; if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me to this Tryal; if it be just, your Army may another time require the same Justice of you, in their own Behalf, against some other Member, whom, perhaps, you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden Paths; and in such a Case as this, where you have no President of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the supream Power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none, either Antient or Modern, which ever exposed any of their own Order to be Tryed for his Life by the Officers of their Armies abroad, for what he did while he resided among them in

the Senate.

Among the Romans the Practice was so contrary, that some Inferiour Officers in the Army far from the City, having been sentenced by their their General, or Commander in Chief, as deferving Death by their Discipline of War, have nevertheless (because they were Senators) Appealed thither, and the Cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more Words to perfuade you to take heed that you Wound not your felves thorough my Sides, in violating the Priviledges belonging to your own Persons; I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the Nature of my Offence, not but that I should be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof: God knows 'tis Horrid enough, (for the Evil it might have occasioned) but if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a Civil than a Martial Crime, and so to have Title to a Tryal at the Common Law of the Land; there may justly be some Difference put between Me and Others in this Bufiness.

I have had nothing to do with the other Army, or any intention to begin the offer of Violence to any body. It was only a Civil Pretence to that which I then Foolishly conceived to be the right of the Subject. I humbly refer it to your Considerations, and to your Consciences. I know you will take care not to shed the Blood of War in Peace, that Blood by the Law of War, which hath a Right to be Tryed by the Law of Peace.

For so much as concerns my Self and my Part in this Business, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken, or patiently heard in my Behalf) this might truly be said, that I made not this Bu-

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finess but found it; it was in other Mens hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came, I extended it not, but restrained it. For the Propositions of letting in part of the King's Army, or offering Violence to the Members of this House, I ever disallowed, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain discourse of this business so far as I did, I will tell you ingenuously, and that rather as a warning for others, than that it make any thing for my felf: it was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the prefent War, looking on things with a carnal Eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been confidered, the inestimable value of the Cause you have in Hand, the Cause of God and of Religion, and the necessities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the fame; as a just Punishment for this neglect, it pleased God to desert and fuffer me with a fatal blindness, to be led on, and ingaged in fuch Councils as were wholly disproportioned to the rest of my Life; this (Sir) my own Conscience tells me was the cause of my failing, and not Malice, or any ill habit of Mind, or disposition toward the Common-wealth, or to the Parliament: For from whence should I have it? If you look on my Birth you will not find it in my Blood: I am of a Stock which hath Born you better Fruit : If you look on my Education, it hath been almost

most from my Child-hood in this House, and among the best fort of Men; and for the whole Practice of my Life till this time, if another were to speak for me, he might reasonably say, that neither my Actions out of Parliament, nor my Expressions in it, have favoured of Dif-affection or Malice to the Liberties of the People.

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Thus Sir, I have fet before your Eyes, both my Person and my Case, wherein I shall make no fuch Defence by denying, or Extenuating any thing, I have done, as ordinary Delinquents do. My Address to you, and all my Plea shall only be fuch as Children use to their Parents. I have offended; I confess it, I never did any thing like it before; it is a passage unsuitable to the whole Course of my Life beside, and for the time to come, as God that can bring Light out of Darkness, hath made this business in the event useful to you, fo also hath he to me: You have by it made an happy discovery of your Enemies, and I of my felf, and the Evil Principles I walk'd by; fo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and by God's Grace affifting me, shall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an Example of your Compassion and Clemency.

Sir, I shall no sooner leave you, but my Life will depend on your Breath, and not that alone. but the subsistence of some that are more Inno-

cent.

420 SPEECHES, &c.

cent. I might therefore shew you my Children, whom the rigour of your Justice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherless. I might shew you a Family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their share in that mark of Insamy which now threatens us: But something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more than all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done, and is more severe to it self, than the severest Judge can be. A Heart (Mr. Speaker) so awakned by this Affliction, and so intirely devoted to the Cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline you, so to dispose of me, whether for Life or for Death, as may may most conduce to the Advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I Dye, I shall Dye Praying for you; if I Live, I shall Live serving you, and render you back the use and Imployment of all those Days you shall add

to my Life.

After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the Knowledge of this business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged themselves therein.

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No wares he earry of y he ment to sell of Pirates fearless, for no harbour bound.

All winds serve his turn as well. His only wish was to be run a ground.